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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1885, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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A LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA. (Topley, photo.)

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Archangel, the Russian port at the mouth of the Dwina—or rather at the head of the delta of that river—is some six degrees of latitude farther north than Fort Churchill, the destined oceanic outlet for the North-Western trade. The story of its settlement is not without historic interest, especially for Canadian students. It is not without significance, as tending to confirm the Sagas of the visits of the Northmen to Labrador and Nova Scotia, that in the tenth century Norse adventurers had formed a colony in the neighbourhood of that sub-arctic seaport. The modern town, however, dates from the advent at the Dwina of the English sailor, Chancellor. Even then (1553) religious zeal had proved the habitability of those bleak shores, for it was in the Monastery of St. Nicholas that Chancellor, driven by stress of weather, was glad to find shelter. On his return the explorer informed his fellow-countrymen of the advantages that the mouth of the Dwina offered for trade, and soon after, with the sanction of Ivan II., an English factory was established there. In 1584 a fort was built, and in course of time a cluster of dwellings girdled it round. The hamlet thus evolved took the name of the Archangel Michael, a monastery in whose honour had arisen on the spot. The necessities of the Czars as to maritime communication with the rest of the world gave the main impulse to its development, for then and for years after Archangel was Russia's only seaport. When Peter the Great visited the place in 1693, its exports to England alone approached \$600,000. To Peter, however, it owed its decline, for early in the last century, when he founded the city that bears his name, he did all in his power to divert trade, population and all kinds of enterprise to the new metropolis. Towards the close of the century it began to recover some of its lost prosperity, and has since made fair progress. It is the chief town of an important province, the seat of two governors and of an archbishop, has a Protestant and ten Orthodox churches, with colleges, hospitals, banks, manufacturing, and a population of nearly 25,000. The harbour is open from June till October. Vessels of larger draught have to load and unload by means of lighters. There is a dockyard, with slips for ship-building. Connection with the interior is maintained by rivers and canals, but are long, doubtless, it will profit by the railway movement, which for some years has been so marked a feature of Russia's policy. Some of our readers may live to see a Western and much greater Archangel at the mouth of the Nelson.

That famous traveller and writer who has left so many vivid pictures of what, during his journeys westward, were out-of-the-way and little known scenes of American life, was equally devoted in his tours through Europe. The day may be approaching, now that the Hudson's Bay railway enterprise has reached a fresh stage in its progress towards accomplishment, when it will not be deemed eccentric for a traveller to enter Canada from the north, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon entered Russia. He received his welcome to the land

of the Czars at Archangel, from which he started on his tour to and through the interior. The approach to Archangel by the Arctic Ocean—a route which offers a certain parallel to our own north-west passage to the future city of Churchill—he has described with a graphic pen: "Round—the North Cape, a weird and hoary mass of rock projecting far into the Arctic foam, we drive in a south-east course, lashed by the wind and beaten by hail and rain, for two long days, during which the sun never sets and never rises, and in which, if there is dawn at the hour of midnight, there is also dusk at the time of noon. Leaving the picturesque lines of fiord and alp behind, we run along a dim, unbroken coast, not often to be seen through the pall of mist until, at the end of some fifty hours, we feel, as it were, the land in our front; a stretch of low-lying shore in the vague and far-off distance, tending away towards the south, like the trail of an evening cloud. We bend in a southern course between the Holy Point (Sviatoi Noss, called in our charts, in rough salt slang, Sweet Nose), and Kanin Cape, towards the Corridor—a strait of some thirty miles wide, leading from the Polar Ocean into that vast irregular dent in the northern shore of Great Russia, known as the Frozen Sea. The land now lying on our right, as we run through the Corridor, is that of the Lapps * * *. The land on our left is the Kanin peninsula, part of that region of heath and sand over which the Samoyeds roam, a desert of ice and snow still wilder than the country hunted by the Lapps—a land without a village, without a road, without a field, without a name; for the Russians who own it have no name for it save that of the Samoyed's land. This province of the great empire wends away north and east from the walls of Archangel, and the waters of the Kanin Cape to the summit of the Ural chain and the iron gates of the Kara Sea." After entering the Gulf of Archangel, Mr. Dixon found the scenery picturesque, and the weather being good, he enjoyed the trip to Archangel. "Good-bye! Look out for wolves! Take care of brigands! Good-bye, good-bye!" shout a dozen voices, and then that friendly and frozen city is left behind. All night under murky stars we tear along a dreary path; pines on our right, pines on our left and pines on our front * * * all night, all day." And so, in tarantass, over stones and sand, through slush and bog, Mr. Dixon was driven post-haste to Wittegra on Lake Onega—about as far as from Churchill to Winnipeg—through one vast forest of birch and pine.

It is just eight years since in this city was held the Forestry Convention, from which those who were concerned about the rapid disappearance of our timber wealth looked for fruitful and far-reaching results. That well attended gathering of men of business and science was largely due to the exertions of the late Mr. James Little and Mr. William Little, his son. It comprised representatives of nearly all the provinces and of many States of the Union and the papers that were read, the addresses that were delivered and the discussions that arose out of them dealt with every branch of the comprehensive subject of forestry. So earnest were the essayists, so ripe was their knowledge, so indispensable was their array of statistics, and so convincing were their arguments, that the occasion seemed with justice to be greeted by the press as the starting-point of a new era of forest administration which would remove the danger of timber dearth then apparently so imminent. The convention was not certainly without some beneficial results. Governments, societies and individuals began to recognize that at the rate of consumption then prevalent, the timber supply in existence could not last beyond a limited period; and various schemes of economy were proposed and to some extent adopted. Attempts were made to interest the people generally in this reform by the institution of a tree festival or Arbor Day. The work of renovation thus exemplified was also carried out on a considerable scale in various places by systematic tree-planting, associated occasionally with experiments in the

growth of exotics of like climates in the Old World. The movement which in Canada was inaugurated by the Montreal convention, was by no means confined to this continent. A fair-sized library has been created by the history of its outcome in various countries—one author, Dr. J. C. Brown, having written more than a dozen volumes on forests, forest lands, forest management, and scientific and commercial forestry. An international forestry exhibition was held in Edinburgh in 1884, at which delegates from both hemispheres were present, and an opportunity was afforded for comparing the forest economy of different parts of the world.

It might be thought that so far-reaching an agitation would have produced a decided and perceptible improvement in the treatment of our forest wealth. Yet, Mr. William Little, who, with his father, took a leading share in the Congress of 1882, has just sounded a fresh note of alarm as to the rapid decrease and virtual destruction of the most valuable timber areas of this continent. "To get rid of the timber," he writes, in the opening remarks of a pamphlet, of which the words above quoted form the title, was the answer sent from the State of Arkansas, two years ago, to the Michigan State Forest Commission when inquiring about that State's policy respecting its timber." And then he goes on to maintain that if the Governments of both the United States and Canada were to speak the real truth, they would make virtually the same reply. In both countries, he insists, there is the same apathy, the same negligence, the same wilful waste and disregard of the needs of the future. It is not alone those that are in power who are to blame. It is the people on whom the culpability, in the last resort, must lie. The disappearance, with such disastrous speed, of one of the most precious portions of the public domain is viewed with apparent unconcern by those to whom it is a subject of vital, of momentous, importance. Attention has been called again and again to the actual state of the case, to the urgent necessity of checking the present rate of ruinous consumption, but, except in a few rare instances here and there, no heed has been paid to the often uttered warnings. "New lines of railway are being built or extended into districts dependent almost entirely on the timber trade for business; the carrying capacity of the lake marine has been increased at an enormous rate; cities, towns and villages, depending largely on the lumber industry, are enlarging their borders, as if the supply were inexhaustible. But timber cannot be grown like a crop of corn; its growth is a matter not of years but of ages, and when once gone, cannot be restored during the life-time of those now living, while the really good timber of the North Atlantic and Lake region is not only not inexhaustible, but actually about exhausted." In proof of the folly of the practice that he deprecates, Mr. Little then shows how, after exhausting the forests of the New England States and pushing their operations through Northern New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, the lumbermen, still in search of that precious timber, the incomparable white pine, finally reached the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. And with what relentless energy they have there waged their war of extermination is shown by the fact that, during the last season, the timber converted into lumber in these last three States reached the enormous total of 8,305,833,277 superficial feet—an amount equal to two-thirds of the entire cut of all descriptions of timber in all the States of the Union twenty years ago. The cut of shingles last year in the same region amounted to 4,698,975,800 pieces, made almost exclusively from white pine, which, if added to the previous figures, would give a total consumption of 9,000,000,000 feet. "But," adds Mr. Little, "this frightful slaughter of the forests has about reached its end. The 29,000,000,000 feet reported as standing in Lower Michigan ten years ago, by the census of 1880, has dwindled to but 3,000,000,000, or one-tenth that amount last year." Mr. Little quotes the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbiniere, the New York

Sun, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, the London *Times* and the Glasgow *Herald* in confirmation of his views. "In point of fact," says this last journal, in pointing to the possibility of a dearth of timber, "Canada and the United States are busy sawing from under them that far-reaching fortune-making branch, on which, like conquerors, they are now sitting and over-looking the world." If but a tithe of what Mr. Little urges on our attention be true, it is certainly full time that the tree-destroying axe were blunted or the arm that wields it were arrested in its work of blind or wilful destruction.

The retirement of Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Middleton, C.B., K.C.M.G., must have caused wide-spread regret among the officers and men of our militia, and especially among those who had served under him in the North-West. Into the circumstances which preceded his resignation we have no occasion to enter. Enough to say that, with all right-thinking persons, we deplore the unhappy train of events which has prematurely deprived Canada of the services of an officer to whom she owes so much. On the 12th of July, 1884, Sir Frederick (then Col. F. D. Middleton, C.B.) assumed the command of the Canadian Militia, taking the local rank of Major-General. For his services in the North-West in 1885 (in recognition of which the Canadian Parliament awarded him a vote of thanks and \$20,000), he was promoted by the Imperial authorities to the rank of Major-General and made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. When later he had about reached the limit of age for employment as a Major-General, he retired from the army with the honorary rank of Lieut.-General, and about the same time the Dominion Government extended until 1892 the term of his command here, which in the ordinary course of events would have expired on the 12th of July, 1889. It has been said that General Middleton purposes devoting the remaining years of his life to the preparation of works on military history. There is an ample field for such studies in Canada, and it is a field of which a considerable portion is virgin soil. The War of 1812-15, for instance, has never been adequately dealt with from a purely Canadian and military standpoint, and a history of that struggle by a veteran soldier of recognized ability and thoroughly acquainted with the ground on which it was mainly waged, would be a welcome addition to our Canadian bibliography.

We hear so much of politics, not as the science of government or a comprehensive branch of ethics, or even as the art of general or special administration, but in the looser sense of the *modus operandi* for the conduct of party contests, that parents would probably deprecate any premature initiation of their children into what they may deem at best but a necessary evil. This very deterioration of a word which, in its essence, is allied with civilization and the highest duties of man to man is (as the late Dr. Trench illustrates by other examples) a revelation of great significance. It discloses that declension from a high ideal which the rough and ready expediences of our work-a-day life are almost sure to bring to pass in society as in the individual. It is something, nevertheless, to keep the ideal at least in sight, and we should deem life but little worth living if we did not believe that, in spite of weaknesses and back-slidings, many—perhaps, most—of our public men cherished an ideal of political, as well as of private morality, greatly in advance of that standard which their practice might imply or of which circumstances might permit the realization. A common working ideal they all necessarily hold in the existing law and practice of the constitution under which they live. And the study of this constitution both in theory and operation and also in comparison with other systems, ancient and modern, ought to form a branch of study in every liberal education. In this view we are entirely in accord with Dr. Bourinot, to whose paper on the subject reference has already been made in this journal. "Canada, though a young country," writes Dr. Bourinot,

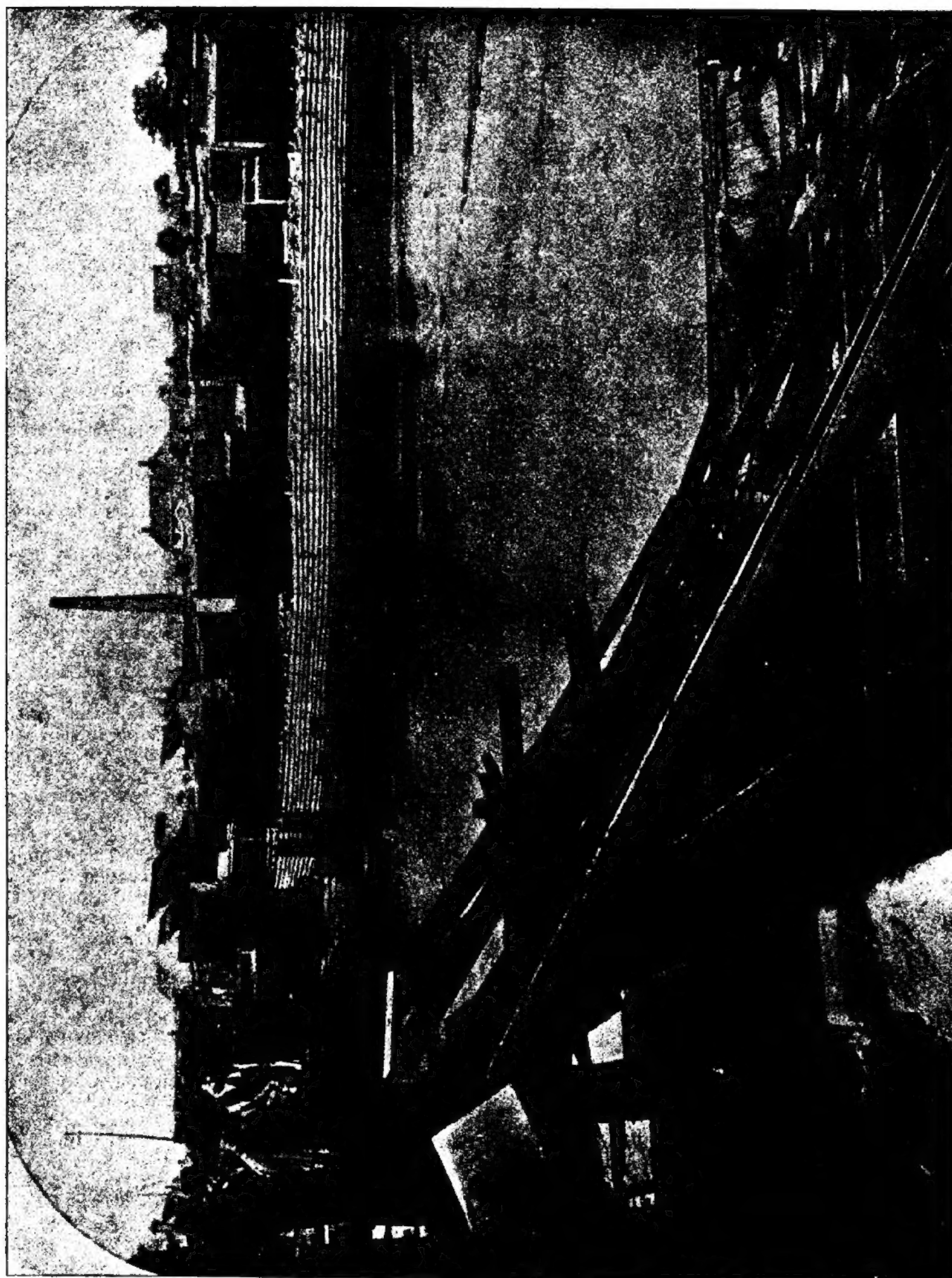
"compared with the old civilizations of Europe, presents a very interesting field for the student in this department of study. Though not a national sovereignty like the United States, and, therefore, probably inferior to it in that respect as an object of contemplation and reflection for European statesmen, its political history, its fundamental law and constitution, its economic system, its social institutions and the racial characteristics of its people are worthy of the close study, not only of Canadians, but of all persons who wish to follow the gradual development of communities from a state of cramped colonial pupillage to a larger condition of political freedom which gives it many of the attributes of an independent nation, never before enjoyed by a colonial dependency." Dr. Bourinot's whole paper—"The Study of Political Science in Canadian Universities"—which may be found in Volume VII. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, just issued by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, is worthy of careful attention. What he says of the probable effects of such training in modifying for the better the tone of the political press, is not only true but seasonable.

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE.

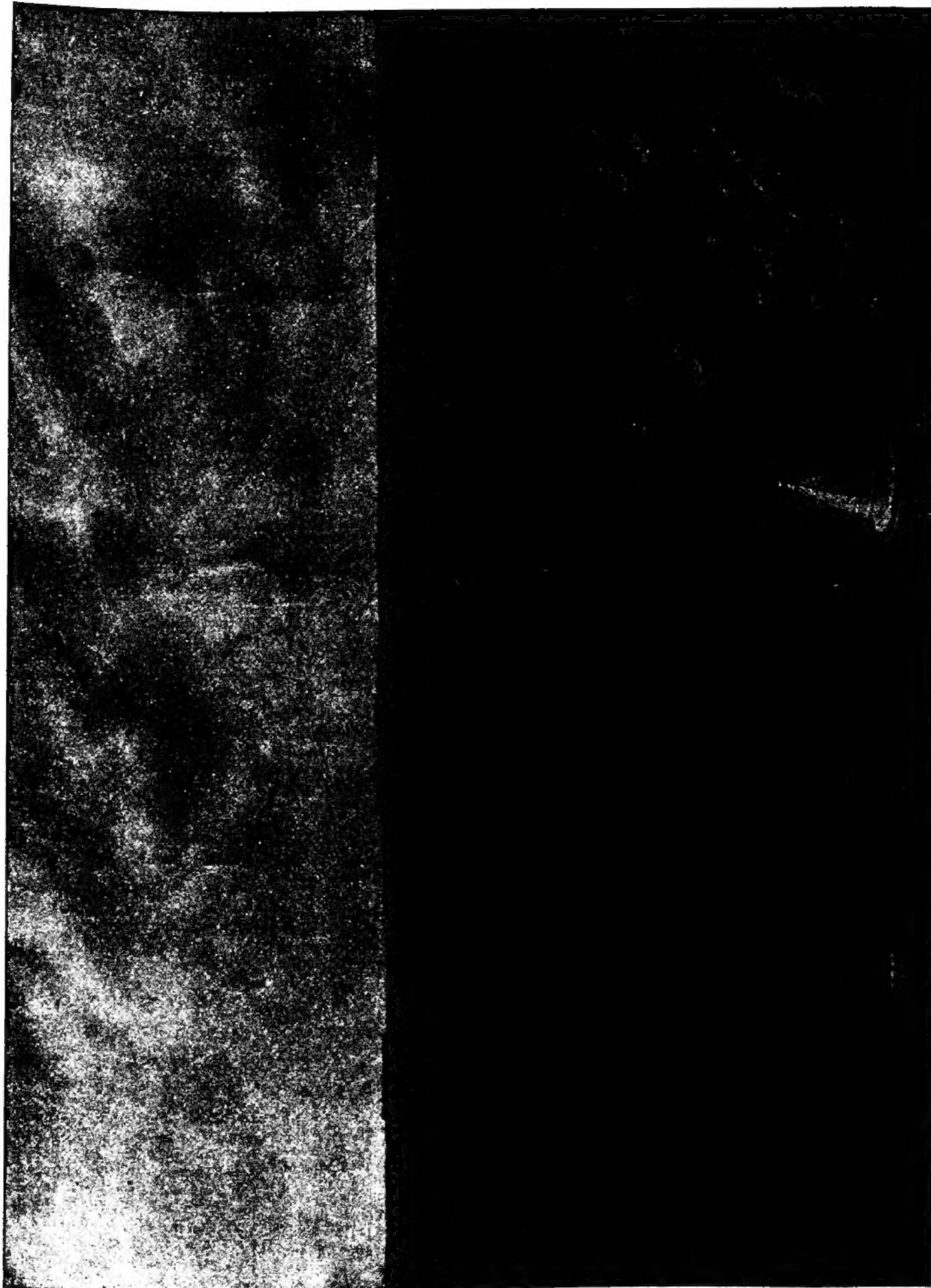
Faith, energy and perseverance are sure to be ultimately crowned with success, whatever be the obstacles to be surmounted—unless, indeed, the project to which these high qualities are devoted be physically impossible. The conception of a line of railroad from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, which would bring our vast and fertile West, with its teeming harvests, into immediate oceanic connection with the Old World, is, as our readers know, no novelty to the present generation. Such a scheme, indeed, is in logical sequence to the course of events under the Hudson's Bay Company's régime for two hundred years before the transfer of the North-West to Canada. It was sure to suggest itself to men of enterprise directly or indirectly associated with the development of Western Canada. As far as the maritime portion of the route was concerned, it would be simply a continuation of the practice that had hitherto prevailed, and would thus be in the natural course of things. It would be simply applying to the new conditions of the country, after being opened up to unlimited colonization a method of transport and travel that had been operated without interruption since the days of the Stuarts. In the Old World—even when allowance was made for difference of climate in like latitudes—there was ample precedent for it in the sub-arctic and even arctic ports and waterways of the eastern North Atlantic and the eastern and western North Pacific. From the first organization of Manitoba it became a fixed idea with a few persons of foresight and speculative boldness that sooner or later Canada should have its Archangel in our northern waters. No time was lost in collecting *data* to show the feasibility of the route during at least as much of the summer as would make it profitable. The Winnipeg Board of Trade had a special report prepared on the subject, which is of historic interest as well as commercial value. It was so highly thought of in England that the author, Mr. Charles N. Bell, was made a member of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Bell discharged a task for which historical students are indebted to him, for, with a zeal and industry worthy of all praise, he placed within reach of the general reader facts that had long—in some cases, for centuries—been hid away in books not easily accessible to the public. But his treatise—which bears the appropriate title of "Our Northern Waters"—is much more than a series of gleanings in history. It treats not only of the discovery of the great bay, of the early controversies as to its possession, of the foundation and undertakings of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the long record of voyages to and fro, but also of the resources of the shores, ocean waters and estuaries—minerals, fisheries, timber, game, including fur-bearing animals and birds of price—and gives a full and intelligible account of the meteorology of the region, with seasons of open-

ing and closing navigation. Meanwhile several other persons had been conducting investigations over the same ground; and the Dominion Parliament, in order to be in a position to give an authoritative reply to so many eager inquiries, appointed a Select Committee to take the whole subject into consideration, and in February, 1884, it began its labours. It was composed of the Hon. Mr. Royal, then member for St. Boniface, now Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, who moved the resolution, the Hon. J. J. C. (now Senator) Abbott, the late Hon. Thomas White, with Messrs. Dawson, Macmaster, Desjardins, and other influential members of the Commons. Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, Staff-Commander Boulton, R.N., Mr. Malcolm Macleod, barrister, whose father had resided for years on the Bay as one of the Company's officers, Dr. Walter Hayden, the Hon. Wm. Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine, C. J. Pusey, Esq., of New York, and a number of other gentlemen of official and practical experience as to the subject of inquiry, gave a mass of valuable evidence. The Deputy Minister of Marine presented a voluminous statement obtained from the log-books of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels from 1870 to 1883 inclusive, and Mr. M. P. McElhinney, of the same department, furnished a careful commentary on the preceding data. The issue of these inquiries at Ottawa and Winnipeg was that Parliament voted \$100,000 for the purpose of fitting out an expedition to Hudson's Bay, which should be in part for exploration, in part for observation—a series of stations being established on the shores of the waters traversed. Lieut. A. R. Gordon, R.N., Assistant Superintendent of our Meteorological Service, was placed in command of the SS. *Nep-tune*, of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, a strong, barque-rigged vessel, built in 1873 at Dundee, of 684 tons gross (466 net), and pronounced in every way suitable for the work. She left Halifax on her mission, on the 22nd of July, 1884. On the 11th of October she was back in St. Johns, and soon after brief summaries of the voyage appeared in the leading papers. At a later date full and careful reports by Lieut. Gordon, the commander, and Dr. Bell, the geologist, of the expedition, were published, and Mr. Chas. R. Tuttle wrote and brought out an unofficial history—"Our North Land"—which covered 600 small quarto pages. All three agreed, in the main, that the terrors of the ice pack had been exaggerated, but the record of fresh experience did not materially change men's opinions as to the commercial value of the route. Those who had favoured it all along found confirmation in the report; those who had less faith in it remained unconvinced. In 1885 Lieut. Gordon made a second trip to the Bay to relieve the observers at the stations, and his report was published in an abstract in that of the Minister of Marine. The detailed account of the station observations was given to the world some months afterwards. They went to show that the ice set fast in the western end of the straits during the last week of October, 1884, and that for all practical purposes the straits remained closed at that point till the beginning of June, 1885. He concluded from the observations that the season of navigation would be rather less than four months. Sometimes, but rarely, the straits were clear in June, and there (as in more southern latitudes) was considerable variability in the dates of opening navigation. The weather at the stations during the winter was not nearly so severe as it had been expected that it would prove. The thermometer, in fact, had never gone so low as it does in the inhabited parts of the North-West.

During the last five years those who have had a practical interest in the question have gathered a good deal of additional information, and it is believed by the more enthusiastic that once the route is in operation, improvements in the construction of vessels for moving through floating ice masses, may be effected which will give a greater mastery over glacial impediments, and ultimately solve the problem of northern navigation. Never venture never have. It is by experiments that have at the time been deemed madness that the greatest victories of science have been won,



SHIPPING LUMBER ON BARGES, AT OTTAWA. (Topley, photo.)



THE ESPLANADE, TORONTO, LOOKING WEST FROM UNION STATION. (Herbert E. Simpson, photo.)

and it is deemed worthy of some effort and outlay to establish for even a third of the year a route that will shorten the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama by nearly two thousand miles. By New York and San Francisco the distance between those points is 10,900; by Montreal and the C.P.R., 10,259; by the Hudson's Bay route, 8,275. Of its advantages to our own great interior—embracing the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca and the Peace River, and the whole broad expanse stretching away to the mountains, the most distant points of which will soon be joined by lines of railway—our Western fellow-citizens have no doubt whatever.

A couple of weeks ago, in our Calgary number, we announced the completion of the contracts for the construction of the railway north to Edmonton, south to Fort McLeod. The patient promoters of the Hudson's Bay line have received a like piece of good news. Years ago Parliament recognized its just claim to assistance and a land grant was made (of 6,400 acres per mile in Manitoba, and 12,800 acres in the Territories) for the estimated distance of 650 miles. The Provincial Government voted a cash subsidy, a contract was let and work began. But, after the completion of 40 miles, it was discontinued. Those who had given their names, influence and energies to the undertaking—especially Mr. Hugh Sutherland—had no intention, however, of allowing the scheme to end there, and their unceasing efforts in its behalf have at last gained the good will of the powers that be. The Dominion Government has promised to pay for twenty years annually the sum of \$80,000 for 300 miles of the line from Winnipeg to the North Saskatchewan, while the company agrees to carry Government supplies, mails, etc., at a fair rate, to be charged against the grant—a portion of the land grant being retained as security, should the Government business be less than \$80,000. Everything now depends on the financial success of the promoters in Great Britain. If everything turns out well, it is expected that construction will be begun next summer, and that the 300 miles will be completed in 1893. The country to be opened up is rich in timber, and much of it is well adapted for colonization. Of course, the advocates of the Hudson's Bay route look upon the inception of this part of the line as the virtual inauguration of the road to Fort Churchill.

A French-Canadian Village.

One pleasant day in the summer of 1887 fate led my wandering steps to a village within a hundred miles of Montreal. The houses are clustered around a hill, near the summit of which stands a little stone church, which recalled thoughts of the chapels built by the first Canadian missionaries long ago. Small, low, old-fashioned structure, it has been intimately associated with every important event in the lives of the inhabitants of this village for nearly one hundred years,—baptisms, weddings, funerals—all have been celebrated here. It was indeed a place in which one could pray—far away from the city's din and blare and bustle. God seemed to be very near. A pretty French girl was arranging the decorations on the principal altar. The sun, as it came in through a window, threw a beam of light across the chapel directly in the path of the girl as she passed before the altar, and, as she made her genuflection, she was bathed in golden light, so that for an instant we could believe she was an angel ministering before the throne of the Most High.

The "Stations" on the walls were works of art, which had, a short time before our visit, been presented to the church (as we afterwards learned) by a gentleman who had been brought up in the village, but had gone to Montreal in early life and prospered there. He had evidently not forgotten the associations of his boyhood's home. Passing from the church to the graveyard behind, we walked around among the venerable mounds. The graves were nearly all marked with large black crosses, on which was invariably inscribed "R.I.P." On one old cross I deciphered the words, "Jean Baptiste Larocque, décédé 21 Janvier, 1809, âgé 79 ans. R.I.P." How many of our new thriving Ontario towns had yet seen the light of day when this old man was gathered to his fathers? Yet at that time this little village had even reached the stature which it has ever since maintained. An enterprising Telegraph Company opened out an office here some time ago, but it died a natural death for lack of sustenance.

The houses in the village are principally log, white-washed on the outside, and everything about them scrupulously clean. At one door an old dame was sitting, knitting and rocking, and we ventured to ask, in such French

as we could command, for a drink of water, whereupon she invited us into her cottage. The interior of the mansion consisted of three rooms—the principal, or sitting-room, into which we entered; what appeared to be a bed-room off it, and the kitchen at the back. The floor was beautifully white, or rather yellow, the effect of scrubbing with a fine sand, which is found in great quantities in the neighbourhood. Three strips of rag carpet ran across the floor, and a half dozen chairs, scrubbed as clean as the floor, were ranged at regular intervals around the wall, as in a convent parlour. A large print of the Blessed Virgin occupied the post of honour, and around it were grouped photographs of dark-eyed "Maries" and lusty "Jean Baptistes." The old lady was quite talkative, and told us much of the village and of the Rebellion of '37. One day they heard the soldiers were coming, and the women and children and old men (all the young ones having gone off to fight) took refuge in the church, but, after all, only one house in the village was burned. They passed many anxious days and nights then, hoping and praying that the trouble would soon end, and that their fathers, brothers, sons and sweethearts would return once more. The memory of those days of '37 has passed away in the great centres of the land, but not so in those out-of-the-world places, where news is news for a quarter of a century. The old lady produced a faded miniature of a handsome young Frenchman, and told us he was her brother who was killed during the rebellion. He was wounded in the side during a skirmish, and came home to die. His death killed his father and mother, and the sister (our historian) being left alone, went to Montreal to service, but after a while "François" came after her and took her home, and they were married in the little church on the hill. François' father had left him a fine farm just outside the village, and there they lived in peace for many years, until their family grew up and scattered. Three daughters were living in the village—the wives respectively of the village blacksmith, shoemaker and grocer. One son was a clerk in a store in Montreal, and the other was married and living on the farm—the old people having moved into the village to end their days in quiet.

A couple of hours passed away, and then we departed, after thanking our old friend for her hospitality, and promising "that if ever we came that way again," we would call and see her.

Before we left the village we wandered down to the river and entered into conversation with an old man fishing on the bank. He told us that long ago a Huron village stood on the site of this French-Canadian village, and one night the fierce Iroquois came down upon them and killed all the inhabitants, save one maiden, the daughter of the chief. She was shortly to have become the wife of a young brave in her own tribe, but the son of the Iroquois chief had coveted the prize, and, in order to win her, had destroyed all her kinsfolk. They took her away to the Iroquois settlement, but she faded away day by day, until at last one day she was missing, and they traced her back to her old home, to the hill where the church now stands, and there she was lying dead. The legend is that every year, on the night of the 12th of June, she walks through the graveyard crying for vengeance on the destroyers of her people.

When the evening was falling we bade farewell to the village, and started on our homeward drive to Montreal. Many a time since, when walking through the crowded streets of the metropolis, I have thought of that quiet spot where "life seemed all afternoon," and wished that "sometime" when I was wearied with the busy world, I might spend some quiet days in such a spot, and he finally carried out and laid in the graveyard on the hill, under the green grass, with no inscription over my head save "R.I.P."

Ottawa.

ROWENA CAMERON.

Action.

Let me crowd my days with action, let me breathe the breath of strife,
Let me feel my bosom heaving with the glorious lust of life.

Not to-night your couch must fold you deep in sleep's
Lethan wave,
Long and still will be your resting in the silence of the grave.

"Foolish thus to wreck your manhood!" I can hear the
sluggard sigh
Manhood! 'Tis not such when squandered idly as the
moments fly.

Better be the panting war-steed, in his one exultant neigh,
Than the lifeless raven, croaking through the centuries' decay.

Who would sleep with fruits of Wisdom dropping ripe upon
the ground?
Who can sleep while storms are raging? while his brother
lieth bound?

Who would sleep when 'tis such pleasure to be arming for
the strife,
And to feel the bosom heaving with the glorious lust of
life!

W. M. MACKERACHER.

The Manitoba Farmer's Amusements.

The average Manitoba farmer has so few opportunities of enjoying himself that when he does relax he goes into the pleasure that shows itself with all his heart, and the remembrance of the good time keeps green in his memory through many a hard days work following the plough, the harrows or the binder.

During the long winter, when there is little of importance to do around his farm, the dance held at his own or some neighbour's house finds him on hand and ready for his share of the fun that usually follows, and it certainly is to the stranger who may be present a sight to be remembered. And he, if from the East, where the saltatory motion is carried on in a somewhat easier method instead of the 'stamp and go' he sees before him, carries away with him not only the impression that the dancer enjoys himself but that physically he has not by any means degenerated by the change of climate and probably recuperated. The music is supplied by a musical neighbour, whose only tune is, perhaps, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which serves for all figures of the dance, and is rendered in a manner worthy of the most enthusiastic artist.

Last winter the writer had an invitation to one of these 'dances,' as they are here called, and with a farmer friend was on hand just before the dancing commenced.

The house in which this party was held was about 16x30 in size, and invitations (verbal, of course) were issued for the whole neighbourhood to come along; but, as the night was intensely cold, only about 50 or 60 put in an appearance, and every one a dancer. Coats, hats and wraps were at once thrown aside and business was begun without the least delay.

The gentlemen present exceeded the ladies in number about 75 per cent., and the efforts made by the gentlemen to secure lady partners were great, so you may imagine that the ladies had considerably more than their share of the dancing to sustain.

Evening dress was unknown to the party, and the gentleman who could sport collar, necktie and well-greased top-boots felt that degree of complaisance which your Eastern dude has in himself when on the "mash."

The dance was kept up almost without cessation until next morning, when the guests made their departure to their respective abodes.

After spring work has been completed and the warm weather sets in, the picnic is as much a feature as the dance was in winter.

The farmer turns out to the picnic with as much enthusiasm as he did to the dance, and goes in with as much pleasure for baseball, horse-racing, jumping, etc., as he did for the giddy waltz or his muscle-stretching polka.

His constant hard work makes him slow and ponderous in his movements, but he "gets there," so far as taking as much enjoyment as possible out of the different means that show themselves for that purpose.

The dance and the picnic are good things, as they bring together people who, on account of the long distances which separate their houses, cannot meet often, and develop that good feeling which should be prominent in any country, and particularly in a new one like this.

The crops (upon which all are dependent) are now in better shape than they ever were before in the history of the Province, and the farmers hope to reap an exceptionally large harvest.

It is estimated that there are 1,500,000 acres under cultivation this year, which is about 25 per cent. more than there were last year.

T. S.

Anti-Semitic Agitation in France.

The anti-Semitic agitation has been revived in France. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* devote their leading columns to the attacks made at Neuilly recently on the Jews in general, and in particular on the house of Rothschild. The writer in the *Figaro* professes to have interviewed, not Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, but "Un intime de la Rue Lafitte," who described to him the movement as German in its origin. The *Figaro* attributes the birth of French anti-Semitism to the belief that the ruin of the Union Générale and its clients was the work of the great Jewish financiers, and especially the Rothschilds; but it explains that this belief is unfounded. The Rothschilds, it says, tried to save, not indeed the Union Générale, for that was past salvation, but the funds deposited there, and it says they would have succeeded had M. Bontoux not been arrested. The French people, it is said, have no feeling against the Rothschilds, and anti-Semitism is not in any way dangerous. In the *Gaulois*, M. Andrieux, ex-Prefect of Police, deals with the question in an article headed "If I were Rothschild." He thinks that the agitation against the Jews has a character of gravity which commands the consideration of all statesmen. He traces that agitation to the favour shown the Jews by the Republican Government. He fears that the reaction which has set in against the preponderating influence of the Jewish element in French society will, like all reactions, be excessive and unreasoning, and he thinks that it is possible for the head of the house of Rothschilds to check that mischievous reaction by "promoting syndicates and associations of workmen, placing credit within the reach of industrial and agricultural labour, making the lot of the labourer less hard and the capitalist less selfish"—"in a word," adds M. Andrieux, "if I were Rothschild, I would wish to be the first Socialist of my times in the highest sense of the word."



LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.—This spectacle, familiar, doubtless, to some of our readers, seems like a refutation or a defiance of those alarming rumours which during the last ten years have grown more and more frequent and emphatic, touching the gradual but certain extermination of our once seemingly boundless forests. The scene in our engraving prompts no fear of timber dearth; rather it suggests an inexhaustible store away to the north of us, as dense and seemingly limitless as those woodland ranges of northern Europe which thousands of years of civilized industry have left practically unimpaired. It is well for us at any rate to take heed to the monition of "those who know," monitions that have been sounding almost continuously in our ears for nearly a decade, but which do not seem to have made any difference in the movement of our timber or the efforts to get rid of it, though a little has been done in Western Canada for the creation or renewal of forests in the treeless prairie. Whatever be the issue of the agitation, such pictures as this must always be of scientific and historical as well as industrial interest, as illustrating resources and activities which have been associated with the most remarkable period of Canada's progress.

SLIDE FOR SHOOTING TIMBER ON THE DECK OF BARGES.—This scene of activity is in continuation of our previous illustrations of the lumbering industry. The old and ordinary proceeding is more tedious and laborious than that depicted in our engraving. The ocean-going ships have to be loaded by another method. After the men have selected the cargo each stick of timber is lifted by means of a chain slung from a spar on deck and brought to a level with the receiving port on the vessel's bow. Resting on a roller there, it is easily shoved in and stowed away. If the cargo is of deal planks, the latter are brought alongside the timber ship in large barges, moored fore and aft of the ship and the deals are thrown in through the ports. After the load has sunk the vessel to the lower ports, these are closed and the loading is resumed through those higher up. Like all the phases of lumbering, the scene is a striking one.

ESPLANADE, FROM THE UNION STATION, TORONTO.—The view here presented embraces almost the entire system of improvements with which the Esplanade has been associated. In general features it is not unlike the scheme of comprehensive suburban railway accommodation that has been devised in connection with the proposed enlargement of Montreal so as to make it continuous with the island. What is here depicted is less comprehensive, though, as we have already shown, it takes in a large circuit, and is a reconstruction of no slight significance from every point of view. Whatever may be said of Canada's progress as a whole, no person can doubt that our cities have found the secret of manifold development and of a growth in beauty and convenience in accordance with their expansion. The progress of Toronto during the last ten years has been continuous and remarkable.

OLD BURYING GROUND, ST. JOHN, N.B.—Every city of life has its city of death not far away. In the midst of life we are in death, as the Scripture warns us. The old necropolis of St. John is one of the most interesting of such God's acres in the Dominion. As we mentioned in a previous issue, the history of the place, as distinguished from the town, has associations with the romance and the tragedy of nearly three centuries. In fourteen years, indeed, St. John will be commemorating the arrival of the first vessel in its harbour. On St. John the Baptist's Day, in 1604, a small craft, comparable, perhaps, to some of our little modern coasting schooners, made its way into those sheltered waters. It was no common craft; for, as a historian says, it bore with it the germs of an empire. Imperial men, too, stood on its deck—men who have left their names on the most remarkable pages of our early annals—Champlain, De Monts, Poutrincourt. With its advent began a series of events of the utmost importance, for it led to the foundation of Port Royal and Quebec, of Acadia and Canada. Even at that remote date the races that were for a century and a half to divide North America between them were jealously watching each other's movements in the New World. Foray and raid and Indian massacre darkened the path of colonization and crimsoned with innocent blood the cross of the missionary. Intestine feuds gave tragic variety to these contests. The deeds of Latour and Charnisay are recorded in sober history and lend dramatic action to the inventions of fiction-writers. Then the days of French rule passed away and a middle period succeeded, which lasted from the Treaty of Utrecht to the American Revolution. It was this last aftermath of the great international quarrel that brought the St. John with which we are familiar into existence. It dates from 1783-84. The first shipload of the Loyalists arrived on the 10th of May, 1783. St. John is proud of its Loyalist origin. The monuments of the founders are preserved with jealous care, and the student of the past finds delight in pursuing, like "Old Mortality," his researches among the tombs that bear historic names. The scene in our engraving might have been conceived by the artist to represent human life. "In the garden there was a sepulchre"—so has it been since death began its work among the sons of Adam. Side by side with the activity, the movement, the gaiety,

the hopefulness of life, there is the silence, the ceaseless silence, of the grave. Taste and skill and affection make the homes of the dead fair to contemplate, and in summer the hallowed ground is beautiful with flowers, so that the mossy carpet, with its many memorials, becomes a resort of pleasure-seekers as well as a shrine for piety and unforgetting love. Our engraving represents a good view of the actual scene.

INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, THREE RIVERS.—The scene here depicted is one of a class with which our Roman Catholic readers are familiar. Notwithstanding a general resemblance, there is, however, room for great variety in architectural and decorative detail. Three Rivers was one of the first spots in Canada to have a settled congregation. Not to speak of possibly earlier visitors—and the nature of the locality could hardly fail to attract the attention of any one ascending or descending the river—Pontgré and Chauvin are known to have stopped at the mouth of the St. Maurice in 1599. In 1603 Champlain, accompanied by Pontgré examined its suitability for a military and trading post. The first plot of ground occupied was the *Plateau*, now the centre of the city. In 1615 regular religious services began to be held at Trois Rivières, so that, ecclesiastically, the parish church has an antiquarian interest on a par almost with Quebec and surpassing Montreal, whose first services date from 1642. The city's religious wants were supplied by the Jesuit Fathers from 1634 to 1671; by the Recollet Fathers from this latter date to 1776, and since then by eleven curés. It has been an Episcopal See since 1852, Monseigneur Laféche being the present bishop. The Church of the Assumption serves as a cathedral as well as a parish church. The actual incumbent is M. le Curé F. X. Cloutier, and his assistants are the Rev. Messrs. Houde and Lamothe. The church is a fine edifice, and much taste has been shown in making the interior worthy of its sacred purpose. In the foreground of our engraving (matricularii) or churchwardens—a position which was the source of much rivalry in the early days of the Province. Opposite to it (though not represented in our picture) is the pulpit. The altar is elaborately decorated, and the baldachin that surmounts it is of a sumptuous character. The carved columns, cornices, coronal, etc., may also be discerned as features of the ornamentation. Altogether, this church interior, though surpassed in richness by other churches in the Province, has an effective and imposing *coup d'œil* and fairly illustrates the devotion, generosity and taste of the French Canadian people in connection with their faith and worship.

MATERNAL HAPPINESS.—This picture is surely its own interpreter. The mother is happy because her little boy is happy, as he takes his ease in his hammock, and the sympathetic friend rejoices in the joy of them both. It does one good to have glimpses of such scenes which remind us that there are some memories of paradise still in the world, and, with the memories, some hope of "Paradise Regained."

"ROUND-UP," COWBOYS' CAMP.—As we pointed out some time ago, the cowboys of the North-West have a comprehensive association duly organized for the protection and promotion of their interests as a class. It is the council of this association which has charge of the annual "round-up," to which all the stockmen in the country send delegates—the number being in proportion to the extent of their herds. Each cowboy delegate brings with him several horses, so that, when the whole force is assembled in camp, it might pass for a troop of guerilla cavalry. Sometimes 300 men and 600 horses are on the ground, and the scene presents no small animation and some interesting features. Minor "round-ups" are held at intervals during the year, generally in the fall. On the latter occasion the branding of the spring calves takes place. If this were not done, the young steers and heifers would stray about ownerless after leaving their mothers. Our engraving gives a vivid picture of one side of the cowboy's life.

PENINSULA HARBOUR, LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have an example of the way in which, not seldom in our Canadian West, marked beauty or sublimity of scenery is combined with health-giving qualities, with facilities for sport and recreation, and with physical resources that invite the attention of the far-sighted capitalist. Already Peninsula Harbour has attracted persons belonging to all these classes. The situation is greatly in its favour. It is the first point touched by the Canadian Pacific Railway, going west, on Lake Superior. Generations ago, Admiral Bayfield pronounced it the finest harbour on the lake shore, having no reefs inside or out, and having a depth of 25 feet of water almost to the water's edge. Owners and captains of vessels consider it the safest on the lake, being perfectly protected by Refuge Island, and having an inside and outside channel, equally free from dangerous shoals. The scenery is bold and picturesque, having the characteristic features that have made the northern shores of Lake Superior so dear to the artist and nature-loving tourist. The air is pure and bracing and well calculated to give tone and nerve to those who have become enfeebled by two close application to business in the crowded and dusty city. A sail on the lake or a fishing tour will invigorate any frame that is not hopelessly emaciated. The nights are delightfully cool. To the disciple of Izaak Walton the vicinity is a veritable paradise. The streams that empty into the Bay yield the speckled trout, in the quality and quantity of which they rival the famous Nipigon. Mr. Langevin, of the C.P.R. Company, was able to whip out 78 lbs. of real beauties in 35 minutes—the average being 2 lbs. Mr. Simpson, of

Winnipeg, caught three fish that weighed an aggregate of 12 lbs. Two other gentlemen (Dr. P. and Mr. H. W.) were fishing off the Slippery Rocks, when the former hooked a three-pounder. He called to his companion for the landing net (as it was a poor place to play a fish) and they observed another fellow closely following the captive. Quick as thought, the net was passed under and the "loose fish" was made fast, without receiving a scratch. These are not mere local fish stories (says our informant) but are authenticated by men who "dare not lie." The convenience of its site, the depth of its waters and other harbour facilities, the purity and freshness of its atmosphere, constantly renewed by the lake breezes, and the fine sport afforded by its adjacent streams, are not, however, the only recommendations of this promising locality. Several well defined quartz views, containing a good show of gold and silver, have been discovered in the neighbourhood during the last few years; and, although for lack of capital, they have not yet been developed, mineralogists claim that the indications point to large and valuable deposits of the precious metals throughout the entire district. Thousands of furs are brought down the Big Pic river from the interior every spring. Peninsula Harbour has only to be made known to become a rendezvous for tourists, sportsmen, invalids, and those who require rest and recreation. There are thousands who would prefer the wild and rugged highlands of the coast and immediate interior to the heat, dust and fashionable rout of Saratoga and Coney Island. Once its varied advantages are known, the future of Peninsula Harbour is assured.

SICAMOUS LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Sixteen miles west of Craigellachie, where the last spike of the Pacific Railway was driven in by Sir Donald Smith on the 7th of November, 1885, Sicamous, the station for the Spallumcheen mining district is reached, at an altitude of 1,300 feet in the Gold Range. It takes its name from the Lake and Narrows—the latter of which are crossed by a draw-bridge. The district around Shuswap, Sicamous and Okanagan lakes is one of the most remarkable in our Pacific province. The approach to it from the east is through a dense growth of immense trees—spruce, Douglas fir, cedar, balsam, and other varieties—all of gigantic size. Caribou and deer abound in this region, and the streams afford ample supplies of capital trout. "The Eagle River," wrote an English tourist, who had visited the district, "leads us down to the great Shuswap Lake, so named from the Indian tribe that lived on its banks and who still have a reserve there. This is a most remarkable body of water. It lies among the mountain ridges, and extends its long narrow arms along the intervening valleys like a huge octopus in half a dozen directions. These arms are many miles long and vary from a few hundred yards to two or three miles in breadth, and their high bold shores, fringed by the little narrow beach of sand and pebbles, with alternating bays and capes, give beautiful views. The railway crosses one of these arms by a draw-bridge at Sicamous Narrows, and then goes for a long distance along the southern shores of the lake, around the end of the Salmon Arm."

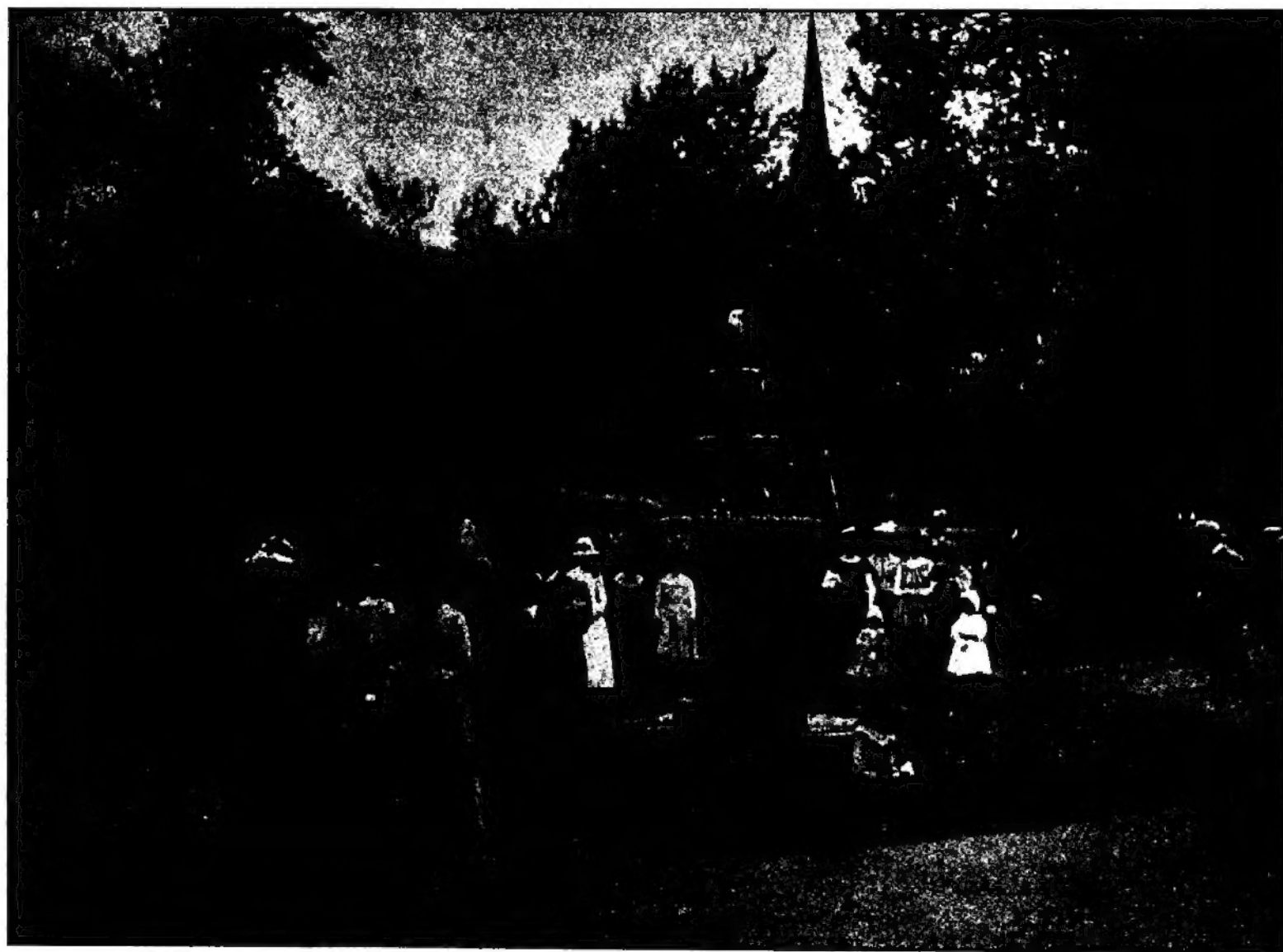
OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—This is a characteristic view of the much-discussed shores of Britain's oldest colony. The schooner's captain doubtless knows where the break in the inhospitable-looking barrier is to be found, and beyond which lies secure haven. Suddenly to the voyager the rocky wall will open, and through a narrow passage, made apparently by some great rending convulsion of nature, he will steer his course through great precipices, once crowned by formidable batteries, till, when about half way through, the city is seen safely embosomed in its recess away from the swell and dangers of the ocean. The inner scene has already been depicted in previous numbers.

King's College, Windsor.

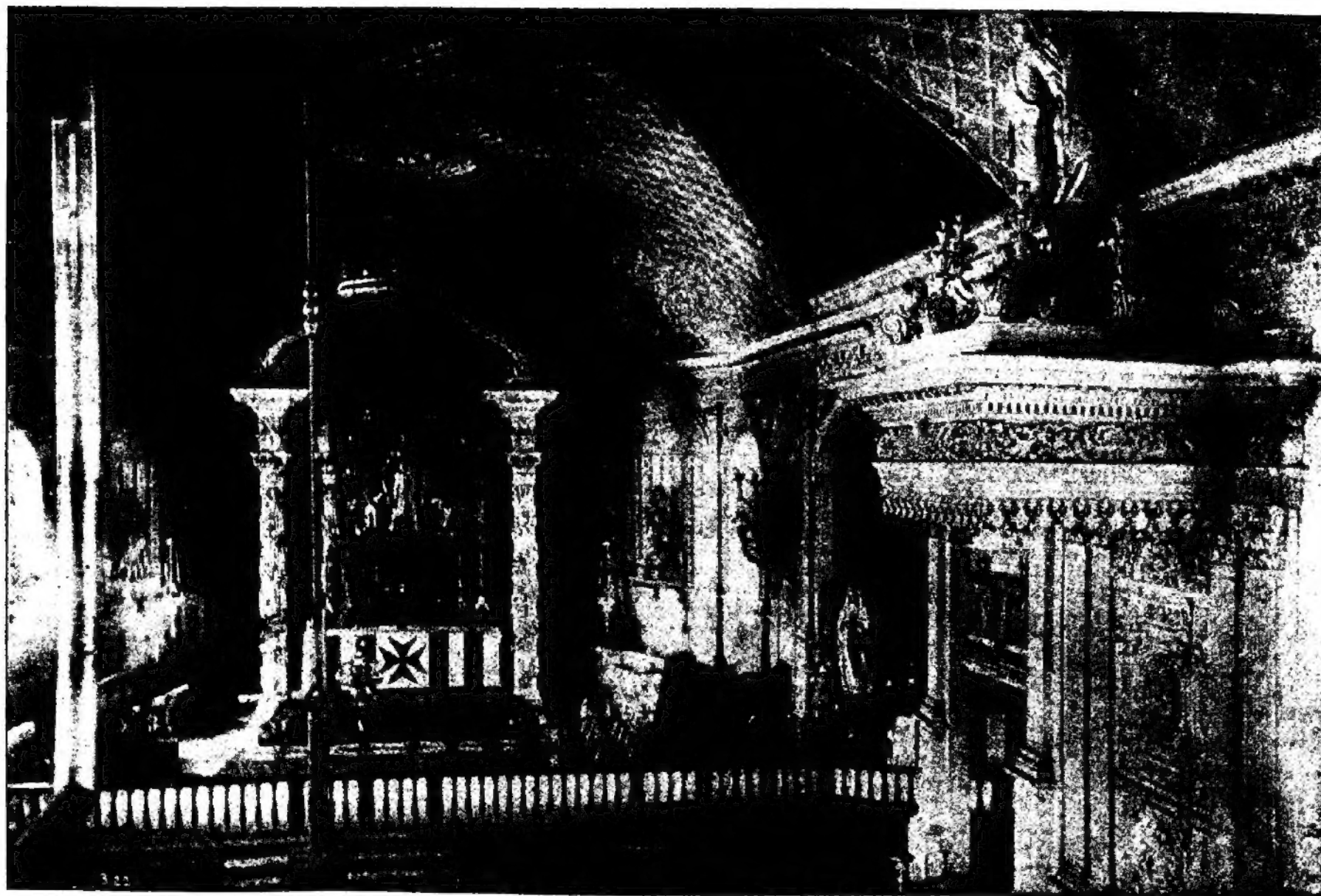
The *King's College Record* for June is worthy to be preserved by all students of our history—of our educational history especially. It is the centennial number. Sonnets—"April in the King's Meadow" and "The Three Elms," by W. R. K.; "Windsor as a University Town," by H. P. Scott; "Historical Notes," all of interest, by F. W. V.; "The Faculty"—the Rev. Charles Edward Willets, M.A., D.C.L.; George Thomas Kennedy, M.A., B.A.Sc.; F.G.S.; Charles George Douglas Roberts, M.A., F.R.S.C.; Howard Parker Jones, M.A., Ph. D.; the Rev. Fenwick Williams Vroom, M.A.—by C.G.A.; "Our College Clubs and Societies," by S. F. W. Symonds, Kings College, with editorial matter and correspondence, make up its letterpress. The illustrations add to its value as a memorial number. The *Record* is a fine type of college paper. Always marked by literary enthusiasm and proud patriotism, by judgment and good taste, it worthily represents the oldest of Canadian universities.

A Triumph of Surgery.

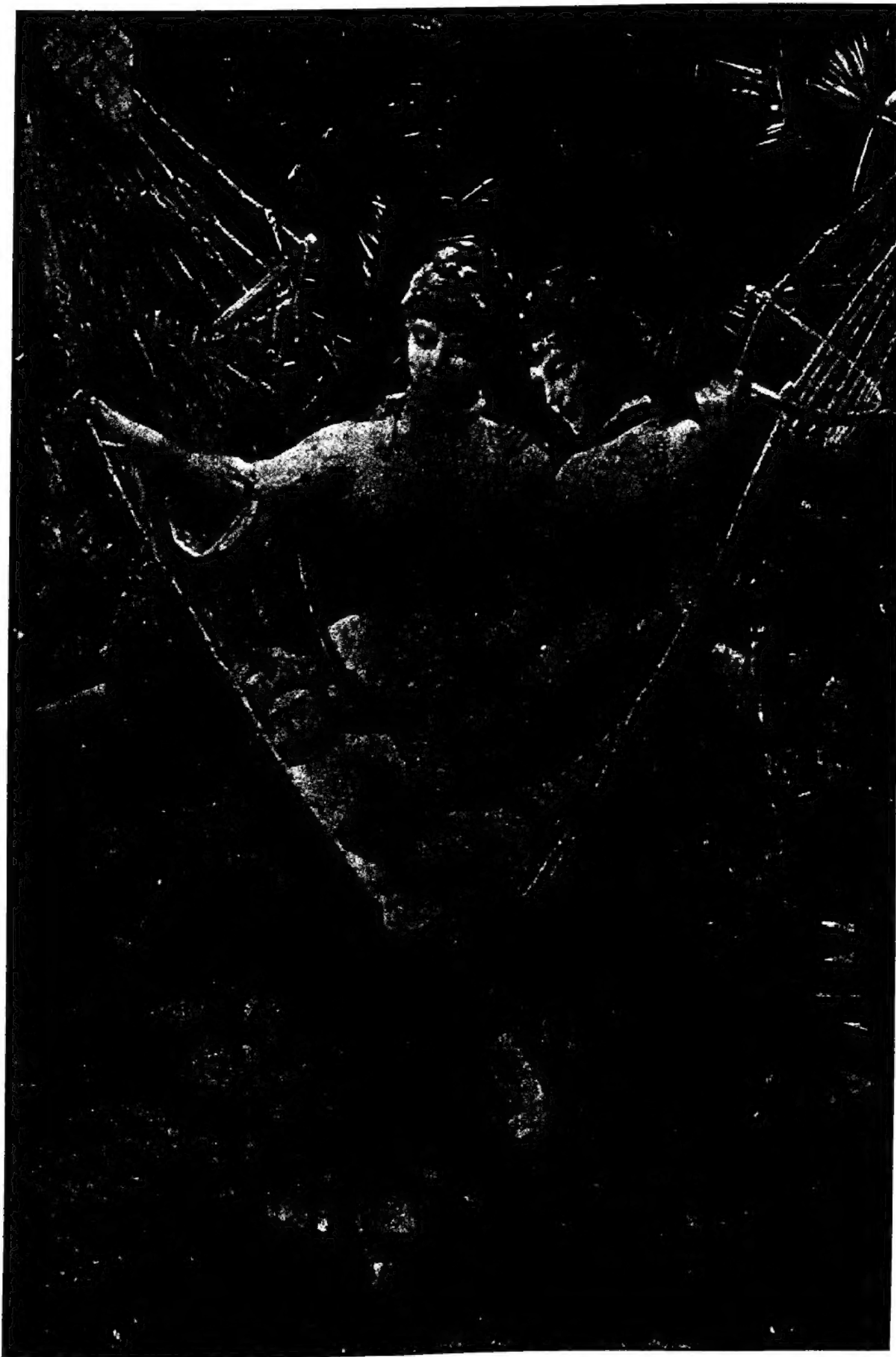
Professor Tillman, of Leipzig, has presented to the Berlin Surgical Congress the case of a patient who was regarded by the medical authorities as hopelessly consumptive. He removed the anterior chest wall and the entire lower wing of the left lung which was affected, and thus accomplished a perfect cure. Professor Tillmann now considers consumption curable, and the Congress views this operation as a triumph of surgical science.



OLD BURYING GROUND, ST. JOHN, N.B.



INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, THREE-RIVERS, P.Q. (Henderson, photo.)



MATERNAL HAPPINESS; from the painting by G. Van den Bos.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

SHAM COUNTRY.

[FROM PAUL IN WORDLAND.]

A CHILDREN'S STORY.

"Come in here!" said Interjection, stopping before a wide arched entrance, over which some words were written. "It is a funny place—I go in sometimes." Paul looked up. "Sham Country," he read; "I don't think I ever read of it before." But no sooner had he stepped across the threshold than he found himself in a great city full of sound and bustle, of people coming and going, and vehicles of all kinds. On either hand were splendid shops, filled with finer things than he had ever seen in his life before; fruit stores with great piles of golden oranges, pineapples, bananas, pears and other fruit; furniture warerooms with curiously carved chairs and tables in front; eating houses that looked like fairyland with their marble tables, velvet carpets and silken hangings. But they had not gone far when a choking sensation came over Paul. "Stop!" he gasped, "there is something the matter, I can't breathe."

"It's only the atmosphere of the place," answered Interjection, coolly. "Stand still a moment or two, and you will grow used to it."

And in a little while he found he could go on quite well again. Presently they found themselves in front of the largest store they had seen yet. It had two wide entrances, through which the people were passing in a continual stream, and above was written in big gilt letters "Cant Shop." Paul took this to be an abbreviation of candy shop, for the windows were filled with sweetmeats of every conceivable size, colour and form, some built into great red and white pyramids, or turreted castles, others packed in quaint little boxes, or cut in fantastic shapes that were continually suggesting something, he didn't now what. Behind the counter stood a fat, smiling man who, Interjection said, was Cant himself, and very busy the people kept him; he could scarcely serve them fast enough. The women went principally to a counter at one side, heaped up with twists of different coloured paper, that Paul took to be motto candies but which Interjection said were called conventionalities, and had nothing inside. Then there were lawyers with their bags over their shoulders; queer men all twisted awry, whom Paul knew, without asking, to be politicians, for his father had told him they were always one-sided men; religionists of various kinds, some of them dressed in very funny ways. But the ministers surprised Paul most, there were so many of them, and they nearly all bought little images that looked like dolls. However, Interjection told him they were called platitudes, and kept principally for clergymen, who used a great many of them in the pulpit.

As he was watching a man that was eating something that looked very nice and soft and round, and that Interjection said was called bombast and helped people to speak easily, somebody touched him on the arm, and a sweet voice said, "Buy one of my glasses, little gentleman, one of my little glasses."

He turned round, and there was standing by him the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her eyes were blue as the sky and her hair bright golden, and over one arm she carried a basket full of little mirrors with quaintly cut mother-of-pearl handles, one of which she held up before Paul with a smile. He glanced in it, and was so delighted with his own reflection that he stretched out his hands involuntarily to take it from her, when Interjection caught him suddenly by the arm and dragged him back a few paces.

"Why did you do that?" said Paul, angrily, while the girl turned away to another customer.

"That's Self-Deception," whispered Interjection. "If you buy from her she will entice you into her labyrinth, and you will wander about until your eyes drop out and you will never see any more."

Paul looked with horror at the girl, who had just sold one of her glasses and was coaxing the poor fellow to follow her, smiling over her shoulder at him in the prettiest way.

"Come!" he said, "let us go away. I am afraid of her."

So they turned down a side street. Here there were no shops, and the crowd was less, so that Paul could observe the crowd more closely, and he saw to his surprise that they all, men and women alike, wore veils thrown over the head and falling down on the shoulders. And these veils were very different in colour and texture; for, while some, those worn by the young people, were gauzy and of delicate tints, so that the face looked beautiful underneath, others were ugly, dark and coarse, and so thick as to make the features of the wearer invisible.

"Why do they wear them?" asked Paul. "I should think they would be always stumbling."

"Oh, no," said Interjection. "They are called illusions, and the people like them very much. It makes them very unhappy when they fall off."

The street they were walking on had broadened into an avenue, and on either side were magnificent houses of white marble or different coloured stone, surrounded by handsome grounds.

"I suppose the great people live here," said Paul, and Interjection began to tell him who the different places belonged to. Deceit, who, he said, was very wealthy and of great influence in Sham Country, lived in one of the finest, and right across the road from him Fraud, beside whom, in two houses adjoining one another, dwelt the two sisters, Equivocation and Dissimulation. Far back from the road,

almost hidden in a clump of trees, was Slander's cottage. He was very seldom seen, Interjection said, but had his say in everything all the same. A little further on there was a crowd of people standing before a gate.

"What are they waiting for?" asked Paul.

"I suppose Hypocrisy is coming out," answered Interjection. "He lives here and there is always a crowd to see him pass."

"Let us wait, too," said Paul; for peeping through the gate he had caught sight of a gold chariot before the door, drawn by two white horses, and of a man with a beautiful face standing on the step. Just then a voice said with a sigh behind them, "Ah, it is ever so, Truth wanders unheeded while Hypocrisy rides in honour," and turning round he saw a woman standing near him, whose dress was threadbare and shabby, and who had a pale, careworn face. In her hand she carried a pair of spectacles, which she continually offered to the people around her, but none were willing to take them; indeed, they pushed away from her as far as they could with looks of anger and dislike.

"Who is it?" whispered Paul, "and why do the people treat her so rudely?"

"Truth," said Interjection. They don't like her spectacles, they say everything looks strange and different through them. The woman came up to Paul and held out the glasses with a sad smile, and he was so sorry for her that he took them and put them on. Instantly everything was changed around him. The great city with its splendid palaces had shrunk to a miserable village, with here and there a few scattered hovels, the light was gray and dim, and Hypocrisy's castle stood out against the sky like an immense black prison, with iron doors and barred windows. The people's gay clothing hung on them in rags, and almost all of them blind, or crippled, or suffering-looking, with dim eyes and hollow cheeks. And now the gates were opened, and Hypocrisy drove out; but his glittering carriage had become a heavy iron car, and his face was so cold and cruel that Paul hated to look at it. And the wretched people, with shouts, flung themselves before him, and the iron wheels went over them, crushing them, which terrified Paul so much that he pulled off the spectacles hastily, and there was the city again, full of light and cheerful sound and gaily dressed people. And the latter were still shouting and flinging up their caps, for Hypocrisy had just driven away. Paul could see his gold chariot glistening in the sun, and the prancing white horses. Then he turned to Truth, who was still standing beside him, and, handing her back the spectacles, said politely, "Thank you, but I don't think I care for them," and taking Interjection by the arm he whispered, hurriedly, "Come away. Let us go back to Wordland. I don't like Sham Country at all, it frightens me."

And in such a hurry was he to be out of the place that he would scarcely stay to look at the strange things Interjection showed him by the way—Quack's wonderful bazaar, with its hundreds of little stalls, whereon were set out nostrums for everything under the sun, from sham medicines and complexions to recipes for happiness and other-world revelations; or the funny lady, Affectation, who was selling false smiles at a corner; or False Sentiment's handsome booth, with its wares so lovely outside, so hollow within. But all at once he stopped with a cry of wonder. In front of him, at the corner of a street, was a quaint, pretty little house of light wood, curiously carved and shaped. There were tiny spiral staircases clinging to it here and there like great yellow caterpillars, corner balconies with heavy wooden hoods, quaint dormer windows that peeped over the roof in comical fashion. Everything about it, even to the chimney, was twisted into some odd fantastic shape, and everywhere, over the doors and round the windows up to the very roof, were flower and vine carvings, sometimes caught up in festoons, sometimes hanging in long wreaths. But the most wonderful thing to Paul was that all over the front, peeping out from the leaves, craning from under the eaves, lurking in the corners of windows and doors, were carved heads, and these heads never kept the same expression for two minutes together. When he first caught sight of them they were all frowning and shaking themselves at him as hard as they could, then they burst out laughing and nodded in the friendliest way possible. Paul laughed, too, and there were the heads looking down at him with a sad, sober expression, as if he had done something wrong, and in a minute they were all lolling on one side and winking drolly. The windows of the house were wide open, and he could see into a room where there were many little tables, and at these people were seated who seemed to be eating something out of glass dishes.

"That is Fancy Shop," said Interjection; "isn't it a pretty place?"

"And what are the people taking?" asked Paul.

"Those in the small dishes are dreams, and in the larger, reveries."

"I would like very much to try one," said Paul. "Are they nice?"

"They say they are not very good for one," said Interjection; "that if you take many you will never be able for any hard work."

"I wonder if anything is good for one in this place," said Paul, as they went on again to the arched entrance now plainly visible in the distance before them.

All at once a voice called out: "Facts enlarged, facts enlarged. Here are your nice facts made double the size for next to nothing."

And turning round Paul saw a man coming towards them, a large man, with a broad, good-natured face. On his back he carried a peddler's pack, and when he caught

the boy's eye he continued in a wheedling tone, "Any facts to improve, young sir. There's no one can do up a fact like myself. You won't know it again in about a minute. I'll make you a pretty scandal out of a cheese paring, or a romance out of two hand-shakes and a smile."

"Thank you," said Paul, "but I haven't any of those things at present. Will you tell me your name?" he added, as the man was moving away.

"Exaggeration, at your service," was the answer, and presently they could hear him calling his 'facts enlarged' down a side street.

They were not far from the entrance now, and Paul quickened his steps, for he was anxious to be out of Sham Country as soon as possible, when Interjection said "Come in here," and pulled his arm, stopping him before an immense warehouse with large swinging doors that stood wide open, and through which he could see furniture of all kinds piled to the very ceiling.

"What is it?" he asked, for he had grown very suspicious of everything now.

"It is kept by Outward Appearance," said Interjection. "He sells forms and ceremonies and all sorts of social observances. He gets a good deal from Truth, and some of his things are hundreds of years old. Come in and see!"

But, while Paul was hesitating at the door there crawled round a corner of the building a terrible looking old man. He was bent nearly double over a great stick, and his eyes glared savagely through the tangled hair that fell in foul masses over his wrinkled face. His clothing was ragged and filthy, and when he snarled and shook his stick at them his lips curled back from red, toothless gums. Paul and Interjection were so terrified at the sight of him that they turned and ran as hard as they could, never stopping until they were in the great corridor of Wordland again. Then Paul looked back, but beyond the arch all was mist and darkness, he could see or hear nothing.

"Who was it?" he whispered, still breathless with having run so fast.

"Old Corruption," said Interjection, who was terrified, too, though he wouldn't acknowledge it. "He's always creeping about the lanes and byways of Sham Country, and appearing suddenly and frightening people."

J. E. SMITH.

Fraser River Gold.

Mr. Andrew C. Lawson's scientific report upon the claims of the Lillooet Hydraulic Mining company, which are situated on the west bank of the Fraser River, about one mile above the town of Lillooet, well known as the old Dickey Ranch, and consisting of about 320 acres of bench land at an altitude of 250 feet above river level, will be found very interesting in mining circles. The eastern boundary of the old ranche fronts on the Fraser. Steps are being taken by the company to control a water frontage one mile in extent on the Fraser, and of an average width of over half a mile. It is this block of land which it is proposed to subject to hydraulic mining to recover the gold contained in the gravel of which both the lower and upper benches are composed. Mr. Lawson has carefully examined the location with the object of proving first, to what extent gold is contained in the gravel composing the benches, and second, to what extent it is adapted to hydraulic methods of mining. In the early days of placer mining in British Columbia, the ground was occupied by numbers of miners who, by the crude methods at their disposal, were taking out gold from the surface layers of gravel at the rate of \$16 per man per day, according to information furnished by Mr. Smith, M.P.P., who resided there at the time, and who has lived there ever since. At the time of the Cariboo excitement, in 1862, this ground was suddenly abandoned by the miners, who went north, and white men never returned to the district in any force, but the ground has been mined in a desultory way by Chinese, who, not having complied with the regulations of the Mining Act, lost their claims. The difficulty of obtaining a supply of water has been a hindrance to more vigorous work. The past history of this location has gone to show that it contains gold in sufficient quantities to repay work of the crudest sort. Mr. Lawson received the assurance of an experienced placer miner, who had carefully prospected the locality, that there was "colour" in every pan of gravel he had washed. The present company have made two trial pits on the lower bench, one of which represents the removal of about 3,500 cubic yards of gravel, yielding \$700—equal to an average of twenty cents per cubic yard. There seems to be no doubt as to the auriferous properties of the gravel in paying quantities. It is estimated that this bench contains 60,000 yards of gold-bearing gravel. This quantity, at only ten cents per yard, represents \$6,000,000. All the conditions of the ground appear, from the experts' report, to be well adapted for hydraulic mining, the gravel composing the benches being stream-bedded and easily washed down and quite free from cemented conglomerate. And the mine being situated on a powerful stream like the Fraser, assists development. The company control 600 inches of water and any pressure can be obtained up to 600 feet. The above records of the mining expert bear out the testimony of Mr. A. McNaughton, of Quesnelle, Cariboo, who has been for 36 years in the mines, as to the richness of the undeveloped gold creeks in the Lillooet District, which, he predicts, will yet eclipse the past record of the great Cariboo country. The public will await with interest the result of the operations of the Hydraulic Mining Company on the Fraser.—*Victoria Colonist*, June 7, 1890.

Leaving Black Rapids, we soon reached Hog's Back, though why it should have such an uninviting appellation none of us could understand. The magnificent towers of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa now loomed into view, and in another hour, after passing St. Louis Dam and Lansdowne Park, we arrived, tanned, burnt and mosquito-bitten, but otherwise safe and sound, at Andy Jones's well known boat-house, four days and six hours from the day we left Kingston, each and all agreeing that it was one of the pleasantest trips we had ever taken and with a full intention of trying it again, though at some time when our friends, the mosquitos, would not be in such an inimical frame of mind.

We are glad to see so able a paper as the Providence *Telegram* interested in this movement. It truly says that the reason New England does not boom is because New England does not advertise. There is the whole problem in a nutshell. There are hundreds of opportunities in New England which might be made to yield as good returns as these Southern and Western lands and mines, if the same energy and methods were employed to bring them to the attention of investors and develop them. What town, city, State or Company in New England employs the push and energy manifested in hundreds of southern and western enterprises? How does New England expect to get on in these pushing times unless she push as hard and as intelligently as other sections? The only thing needful for New England is that it be advertised, pushed, boozed. When New England gets to the point where it is willing to enter the race and train for competition upon even terms it will get its money for its own enterprises. Not before.—*Monson (Mass.) Mirror*.

Captain Jai Singli now introduced Lord Ratna Pula, the ex-Buddhist priest. Slight and of medium height, with bright black eyes, and a face which was one continual smile, he was very attractive looking. He was dressed as a Buddhist priest, the sacred robes he had adopted eight years before. These were made of yellow silk. The sleeves and part of the under-garment were of red silk. Lord Ratna Pula gave a brief account in Hindostanee of how he had been converted, Capt. Jai Singli translating. Like all Orientals he dealt in figurative language to illustrate the change in his life. "In my Ceylon," he said, "we have a bird called —, nightingale, and this bird loves not the dark, her sweet voice is never heard save when the moon rises and then she bursts forth into song, filling the jungle with melody. Like the bird, when silent, was my soul, dark and sad; no beautiful thoughts could burst from my lips for the soul within was dead. But, oh! when the Saviours came, behold! the moon rose on my vision, and I burst into glad song, and oh! I am so happy." Lord Ratna Pula afterwards gave a brief address in English, which was remarkably good, considering the short time he had been learning the language. "I love Canada; I love all Canadians. You know we have two Canadians with us in India." "Three," called a voice from the rear. "Ah, then, it makes no difference. We will say 'three,'" which speech caused a general laugh. "But I not only know the Canadian language, but two others, for, when I was in England, I spoke English, and in America I spoke American." Then he suddenly called out in the most comical way, "How do you like it?" "Very good," cried a voice from the crowd. He then sang several songs in Hindostanee, after which an earnest appeal was made for money towards missionary work in India. One gentleman gave twenty-five dollars, which will support a missionary for a year.

But the spirit of Love will our trouble remove
If we wait for his star in the gloom ;
And we'll kill not the tree that was given to be
Our shelter on down to the tomb,
But preserve it in vigour and bloom.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

They must have expected us and passed the good word on from one to another that we were coming and that there was a banquet in store for them, for there they were, and their number was legion. We killed hundreds of them, but it made no difference, there were thousands left. Not a wink of sleep did any of us get that night, not a single eye was closed. Words deep and full of meaning, and which certainly were not hymns of praise, filled the air,



ROUND UP CAMP, ALBERTA. (Boorne & May, photo.)



COWBOY AND HIS HORSE, ON AN ALBERTA RANCH. (Boorne & May, photo.)



PENINSULA HARBOUR, LAKE SUPERIOR. (J. Ford, photo.)



SICAMOUS LAKE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: EARLY MORNING. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SHEET-IRON HOUSE.—A system of building houses entirely of sheet-iron has been communicated to the Society of Architecture in Paris. The walls, partitions, roofs and wainscoting are composed of double metallic sheets, separated by an air mass, which is surrounded by different non-conductors of heat.

THE SPEED OF FISHES.—As a general rule, it is said to be a very difficult matter to gauge the speed of fishes. The fast fishes are trim and pointed in shape, with their fins close to their bodies. The dolphin and bonito are thought to be the fastest; and, although their speed is not known, they are fully capable of twenty miles an hour.

TANNING BY ELECTRICITY.—It is reported that in France a process has been invented by which leather is tanned by electricity in from 24 to 95 hours. The hides are placed in large cylinders with a decoction of tannin, and an electrical current passed through the drum, which revolves slowly. The leather is more pliable and of greater strength.

AN EXPLOSIVE PLANT.—In Mexico there is a small Euphorbiaceous tree, named *Hura crepitans*, which ejects its seeds from the capsules with a very loud and disagreeable noise. Dr. Schrenk, of Mount Carmel, Ill., has discovered that the *Euphorbia marginata* of the Western plains—the "Snow on the Mountain" of our gardens—does the same on a small scale. The seeds on expulsion are thrown six feet.

DURABILITY OF ROMAN MASONRY.—"In old Roman masonry work," says *Engineering News*, "the several blocks of stone were united by strong iron clamps, which effectually prevented the formation of cracks. To avoid corrosion of these clamps, they were thickly coated with lead, which seems to have proved an excellent protection. Recent excavations near Moirans, France, which laid bare the remains of some Roman water conduits, are said to show this in a striking manner. Several large square blocks of dressed stone, weighing in the neighbourhood of a hundred-weight each, which were there found, were united by such lead-covered clamps, which had become so firmly imbedded that the blocks could be separated only by blasting. The iron, even after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is said to have been in a good state of preservation."

THE WOOD SUPPLY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—From a paper recently read by Dr. W. Shlich we learn that about twelve million pounds sterling are paid every year for timber by the British Empire, and the author pointed out that the United Kingdom had waste land amounting to over 26,000,000 acres, one-fourth of which would be sufficient to produce all the ordinary timber now imported into the country. Part of this was, of course, wanted for other purposes; but still, if systematic forest management were introduced, a great deal of timber might be produced. The author urged that, in spite of the constitutional aversion of Englishmen to State interference in anything like an industry, it was most essential that energetic steps should be taken to prevent the serious consequences that would arise from a failure of the wood supply of the Empire. Nominal interference only would be disastrous. The forests must be treated in a systematic manner and the State should either set aside certain areas for forest purposes or by legislation take upon itself the management of communal and even private woodland. He pointed out the great improvement which had recently taken place in India since the Forests Departments had been reorganized, and a competent staff of officers provided, to be reinforced by those educated at Cooper's Hill College. Dr. Schlich also placed before his hearers an exhaustive account of the action of the Australian colonies with regard to the regulation of wooded lands by the State, contending that in no case had sufficient steps been taken to ensure a lasting and continuous supply of timber.—*Industries.*

GAS-RESISTING PLANTS.—Those who reside in urban and suburban districts, and make use of gas for lighting their rooms and apartments, know to their cost that comparatively few plants will thrive for any length of time under such conditions. Ferns of the hardier kinds will retain their freshness for a week or two; but even these will gradually assume a yellowish or sickly hue, and eventually die. The same with the numerous other subjects that town lovers of flowers are persuaded to buy of itinerant hawkers. There are, however, a few good plants that we can safely recommend for the embellishment of rooms, even though they are lighted and heated by gas. The best of them, perhaps, is the variegated parlour palm (*Aspidistra lurida variegata*). There is also a green-leaved variety of the same subject suitable for a like purpose. Then the cabbage palm (*Corypha australis*), date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), bungalow palm (*Seaforthia elegans*), fan palm (*Chameroops excelsa*) and the dwarf fan palm (*Chameroops humilis*) are all well adapted for growing in rooms. The same may be said of the india rubber plant (*Ficus elastica*), providing the temperature does not fall below 40 deg. in winter, Australian silky oak (*Grevillea robusta*), and the hardy dragon trees (*Dracana indivisa*, *Dracana congesta*). Care, of course, must be taken in regard to the watering, or even these will succumb; but, providing this is judiciously performed, no one need hesitate to attempt the culture of any of the above in their rooms.—*Amateur Gardening.*

THE ARCTIC CITY.

A.D. 2190.

To divulge the means would be to betray a discovery communicated to me by a scientist who thought he was famous for his inventions, but was yet afraid to publish his method of looking into the future, in case his fellow mortals should set him down as mad, like Brown-Séguard.

I was transported three hundred years into the future and saw around me the altered city of Montreal.

Its unearthly magnificence appalled me, knowing the world only as it had been so many centuries before. Its edifices towered, apparently, into the very clouds, along avenues of vast beauty. One had a front of polished black porphyry, while its entrance was an arch a hundred feet broad. Its neighbour was built of great, bold, greenish blocks of glass. Next that, a third rose dreamlike in traceries of different coloured marbles, far eclipsing the elegance of our great white Cathedral of St. Ambrose of Milan. Glorious sweeps of recessed balconies with gardens upon them, added to the palatial grandeur of these edifices. Nor did they darken the streets, for a soft light, independent of the sun, was diffused imperceptibly from under all their cornices and projections, adding an appearance to them suggestive of Arabian Nights. Gardens and parks were introduced everywhere at short distances, as well as on the roofs and terraces of the buildings. The entire island, twenty-one miles long by eight wide, was included in this great city, which revealed tall vista after vista. It contained sixteen million souls. Of the many further details—products of a mighty science—which met my eyes, I may but mention, as the season was Christmas, that the avenues and squares were spanned with an unbroken covering of crystal arches, within which the town manufactured a summer climate in spite of December.

The Canadians of that day as I saw them,—

"Let us introduce ourselves," said a voice at my side, "a man of the twenty-second century to the representative of the nineteenth. I see you are the first to use the method of the study of history by transference. As a specialist of that method among ourselves, I have been observing you make the transition, and come here to meet you."

The smiling eyes which met mine belonged to a straight, graceful man, clothed in a light Elizabethan costume and a short silk mantle thrown across his shoulders.

I answered him, bewildered.

"Our age must seem to you like a dream," said he. "It was so with me the first time I went into the past. Come to my home in the Arctic and be my guest."

"Good heavens, it is an opium vision!" thought I. But he had turned, and I followed.

"What's this?" I asked, in trepidation, hesitating to enter the kind of *salon* into which he led, where many, costumed like himself, were placing themselves.

"Fear nothing in our life," he said. "We have overcome all chances of accidents. Your 'wrecks' and 'catastrophes' are but painful incidents of history to us. This is the projectile for Toronto—which takes the place of your railway trains. By means of an explosive, as was romanced by Verne, this car, externally oval, will be shot to a height of seventy miles above the cloud-line and fall at Toronto into a receptacle which receives it on a cushion of air controlled by water. The principle produced in your day, the marvellous water-balance elevator."

A tremour passed through the *salon*.

"In three minutes," said he, looking at a time-piece on the ceiling, "we shall be in Toronto."

I rushed to the strong window which I saw in the floor and gazed down transfixed, as we rose above the mists and lands across which we were darting with frightful swiftness. At our highest elevator it was possible to make out for a short time the outlines of the St. Lawrence River on the snowy expanse, by its dark water. Things blurred again, there was a slight shock, the door slipped back, and we walked out into a city such as we had left—Toronto.

By a second projectile, we were "shot through" to Winnipeg, then across crowded plains to Prince Albert, and so forth, and finally into the great City of Logan, on the Arctic coast, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, then bound in ice. I knew by the darkness of the window on the last stage of the journey that we had entered the range of the long Polar night of winter. The unearthly tales of desolation, starvation and cold, which I used to read with a shuddering fascination in the narrative of Kane, crowded into my memory, and though I am stoical—even brave—by constitution, my heart fell. I wished myself back in my own lifetime. A sensation as if I were falling sheer down the well of a prodigious elevator came over me, and I involuntarily cried out.

The passengers, whom I had hitherto scarcely noticed, except as part of the scene, rose and came around me. The noble kindness of their glances created a glow of peace about. It was happiness to have such beautiful people look in my face, and I forgot all fear. "Who is he?" they whispered among themselves, but refrained from asking aloud. My friend bade me take heart a few moments. Shortly the projectile stopped, opened its portal, and revealed a Paradise of architecture and foliage. Human ingenuity had conquered the Polar conditions! This was the Arctic City of Logan!

My protector, Brander, for such was his name, descendant of an ancient Icelandic family of Manitoba—led the way through the avenues and talked to me with interest equal almost to mine.

"The modern world holds your generation deservedly in

honour. It was by standing firm to your nation, and the Empire, that progress and fraternity have advanced so swiftly in the world. The fruit of strong living by early men has always been reaped by later time."

"How is that? What has taken place us?"

"Your having held to the Empire, as your traditions taught you, kept it together at a critical period. The completion of the civilization of India was made possible. The Dominion of Australia grew into stability and wonderful greatness. Likewise the Dominion of Africa. We of Canada, well, you see us. Friendship and reason brought the United States once more into Anglo-Saxon alliance."

The twentieth century saw the dissemination of civilization to the whole of man. By its close, the Tribunal of Nations had made universal peace a fact, Comity of Courts established universal justice; one scientific education, one scientific theology, were freely accepted everywhere; the high development of machinery abolished the disadvantages known as poverty and thus achieved Socialism. Today, you see us living where and how your fathers would never have dreamt of."

A marvellous city was this Logan. Touch the walls wherever you were—in the streets, in the chambers, in your private study—telephonic and "electro-visual" connections with any other place or person responded. All earth, Brander explained, was covered with a vein-work of electrical devices.

He touched an ornamental stone flower on the side of a building. Right on the street wall, a mirror-like picture sprang to view, of the stupendous machinery of giant fly-wheels and Titanesque swift-running coils, by which the public works of Logan were kept in operation. "Machinery does all our work except that of the brain," he remarked.

"Then," exclaimed I, "I understand the swiftness of your progress and the brightness of your powers, for leisure is the air and water of high thinkers. Would that your forefathers understood that better!"

"General leisure alone would be ruinous. The human sapling needs to be pruned and digged about to its very maturity. We have kindergartens and gymnasia. After those, this."

Wise though he was, he bowed with the deference due by a younger to an elder, and touched the stone flower again, while a view sprang to sight of a garden that might have been the Academia of Plato in ancient Athens. There men robed in Greek costume walked discoursing with one another, along paths beautiful with statues and cypress trees, and one, standing on the steps of a temple, spoke to a number of what the new sages had learnt about immortality. I heard his words.

The Modern shut off the scene quietly, and we sped—I know not how, except that it was by some consequence—to the edge of the town towards the north, into a hall in which were many of his people. It was the Town Hall. Space prohibits telling of its wonders; of daily life in the city, as I saw it; of the industries and resources of that Arctic region; of its innumerable quarries of rare stones, its gems, peat, metals, summer cattle-grasses, seal farms and ice supplies, its tourist and summer travel, its relations with the teeming Provinces of the Saskatchewan.

We mounted in an elevator moved without guidance to the top of the tower, which rose twelve hundred feet above the covering of the town, and looked out on the one side on a thousand luminous colonies of the city, sunk in the thick plains of snow, and on the other upon the tremendous, silent icebergs of the Polar Sea. The brilliant gleam of part of a full moon, shining over the shoulder of a jet-black cloud, illuminated two of these silver mountains and glimmered upon the black water over which they sailed as moving promontories through packs of drift ice. A white bear was swirling on a cake of ice past the nearest. Several wolves reclined upon the other. We heard them crash against one another slowly but more terrible than a battery of thunderbursts. Along the water beyond them drifted others, and beyond these reaches of dim white representing more. In the background was the mysterious darkness of the unknown North.

Solemnity fell upon me. "Had you time," he whispered, "we would loose the crystal air-yacht of the Tower, fly with it into that wild darkness and you should look down upon that spot to discover which your people so eagerly and frequently spent heroic blood—the Pole! But quick! ask me what question you may, for I see that you return."

"Tell me then," I cried, "what is the greatest of your secrets, you people of such might and wealth?"

"Here it is," said he. "We were swept forth in the crystal air-yacht to the portals of a distant berg which had been carved and sculptured into a cathedral—the playwork of a magic race. Never has anything been seen like the celestial gleaming of that church of light in the Polar blackness, and the internal coruscations of its high shafts and vaults. Many were bending there in prayer, and a great choir of children were singing lustily the old, ever-new chant:

"Glorv to God in the Highest,
On earth peace;
Good will to men."

Verily, the clearness of that singing pierced the centuries back two thousand years.

"The greatest of our secrets," Brander loudly cried (but his voice and the music were dying faintly together), "is that material things are nothing, but spiritual things are all!"

RECOLLECTIONS.

BEING PART OF A PAPER READ BEFORE L'INSTITUT CANADIEN, QUEBEC, 1877, BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

[Translated by Mrs. S. A. CURZON]

Then there were no police to hunt up the quarrellers, but at night we had for protection the men of the watch—"Watchmen"—who sang out in a mournful, yet reassuring, tone: "HALF-PAST TEN O'CLOCK. FINE WEATHER!" or any of the hours indeed, together with its weather-sign. If Felicien David had heard them he would have substituted their chant for that of the Muezin of the Desert.

What has become of the poor old fellows—at once so inoffensive and so obliging, ready at any moment politely to conduct to his home any good citizen who, having taken a drop too much, had mistaken a stone staircase for a sofa, or the dark intervals between them for a flight of steps to the Lower Town. I never could comprehend how they managed to carry all the luggage with which they were encumbered. The species is lost. Perhaps they had three hands. They carried a rattle, a dark lantern, and a club, and sometimes a long gaff with which to take thieves—that is, if the thieves did not take them. But thieves were by no means the worst enemies the watchmen had to fear. It was the roughs of the time, who did not fail to belabour them terribly on every possible occasion. And where are all the wags of scapegraces who played so many pranks, more or less deserving of the gallows, upon our good citizens? Who at night wrenched knockers off doors—there were no door-bells then—put out the street-lamps, and changed with intentional roguery the signs on a street? Some folks now want to make out that there are similar goings-on at present on Champlain street, and several of our papers have taken our young men severely to task about it. I cannot believe it of them, however; they are too sober, too studious, too much taken up with politics. If anything of the kind occurs now it must be those scamps of by-gone times who return occasionally to their old haunts—and, between ourselves, that is no doubt the reason why the police never catch any of them.

These harem-scams had also a mania for disguising themselves as demons and intruding upon balls held at country inns, where, in spite of themselves, they became the auxiliaries of the *curé* by the terror they inspired. One night four or five of these gentlemen so disguised made the tour of the city in a sleigh drawn by two black horses. They came upon a fellow who was sleeping off his rum in a snowbank. They seized him and put him to bed yet asleep in the midst of them. Soon roused by the jolting and ready to die with fear, the man made a great sign of the Cross. Instantly four strong arms lifted him up and he was pitched into another snowbank, very sensible of the claws at the ends of the demons' fingers.

The story is vouched for by one perfectly convinced of its correctness. O! the good old times and the admirable folks! Nevertheless, there are those who deserve our sympathy much more than these. They are the relations of the merry youths—the honest shopkeepers who had amassed, pistole by pistole, the fortunes that these gentlemen scattered to the winds in so intellectual a fashion. And where are those excellent citizens who held by so much that remains dear to us to-day? Men who filled gratuitously a crowd of civic holidays, who lent their money without interest, at least that which was not invested, or, as they used to say, out at annuity; who were the society of agriculture, of the fire company—that is to say, of the company against fires—justices of the peace, and likewise inspectors of public works; who gave, one way or another, nearly all their time to the public service, and over and above everything else, subscribed large contributions for every purpose—religious, charitable or otherwise, while their sons or their rogues of nephews, quite unknown to them, were off upon some prank or other. They never thought of going out of their houses after the sunset gun was fired, or if they did, it was only to go down to the House to hear Papineau or Bourdage thunder against the governor and the bureaucrats.

Every week they anxiously awaited the appearance of the *Official Gazette* in order to see if by chance they had been cashiered as justices of the peace or officers of militia in punishment for their latest political freak, that is to say, for having, at some public meeting, proposed or seconded some resolution or other approving of the House and censuring the Government. It is worthy of remark that at this epoch French-Canadians formed but a single party. We had not yet responsible government, and all the public offices were filled by Englishmen, with an exception here and there in favour of a small class who made common cause with them.

Where also are the bureaucrats of whom I spoke just now?—so hated, and somewhat more arrogant, perhaps, than need be, but in their social life polished, sociable, hospitable, who merrily threw out at the window the money they earned, or did not earn—so merrily, indeed, that little or none remained for those who knocked at the door—the tailor, the butcher, the baker, for instance.

There are still a few of them among us, but instead of the rule they are the exception. And where are the "Garri-son belles," so disdainful of the civilian youth and so attracted by a red coat and epaulettes; always ready to go, no matter how heavy the snow storm, for a picnic to Karska Hamel's or the Cape Rouge, to Loretto, or to the Falls of Montmorenci? Where are the great ladies—so

formal, so richly attired, so devout and so worldly, who observed Lent so severely,—and what a Lent it used to be then!—but who, when carnival week came, arrived at church in the middle of the sermon—trippingly, almost dancing indeed, to hear the mass of the *Credo*, a Mass now relinquished, among many other customary usages. But where—as an old French poet writes—"Are the snows of others years?" Upon our hair, doubtless.

Let us get back to our Legends, from which we have not wandered so far as we might think. Many things among those we have so rapidly sketched which appear to us as those of yesterday, are quite strange to numbers of my hearers—soon they will have become legendary. Some may re-appear, perhaps, for it is frequently of the old that we make the new.

Thus it has happened with the Midnight Mass at Christmas, which had ceased to be celebrated, in the towns at least, for forty years. At Montreal they have begun again to sing the *Guignolite* on New Year's Eve, an old usage that had long fallen into desuetude. These are two good points to the credit of our times.

THE END.

From the Valley of the St. Francis.

First of all, a feeling pulsed into the air, just enough for us to know it was there, the promise of spring! And then the birds came, and the branches began to appear bushier against the bright blue sky, and the brooks burst from their bondage of ice and snow and tumbled merrily down the hills, as though this were their first taste of freedom, and all Nature took up her glad, exultant cry—"The spring has come; the summer will soon be here!"

Just so has she sung the same sweet song since, and before, that strange man Columbus left the comfortable security of civilization to find a prettier home for humanity. We have many monuments, are true in our tribute to the memory of many hearts of heroism—even Nelson stands, with martial air, overlooking the lovely St. Lawrence, whose waters whispered such wonderful melodies of "The Old, Old Story" to the little French maiden who found favour in the heart which had before loved "not wisely, but too well"—but to Isabella of Castile, who parted with her jewels for this, our country's good, no such evidence of lasting gratitude has been graven.

If ye could read the mysteries
Which jealous nature holds so fast,
We then could hear the hundred cries
She hourly utters for the past.

But these eyes and ears we have not, and so it seems only humanity suffers for "the days that are no more."

But, still, living is a lovely thing. We feel this fully when the first May flowers lift their many-coloured faces from amongst the grasses on the highest hills. Such weeny, winsome things—pink! violet! and white! While below, in the valley, slender-stalked lilies and yellow bells begin to blossom.

The river, too, runs clearer, merrier, for its months of restraint, and its banks are made beautiful by the trees just turning to glory. Maples, red with the glow of their unfolding leaves; pale poplars, too tender still to tremble, as they will by-and-bye, when they have left, like children, the unconscious fearlessness of youth behind them? Slim birches, with their smooth white bark, bearing a striking contrast to the brown, rough trunk of each tall elm. Here and there, along the edges of the picturesque St. Francis river, grow bunches of bright crimson branches, leafless, flowerless; yet, adding much to the charm of the scene—a splash of vivid colour from the lavish hand of Nature.

And then, how many robins there are, dearest to us for the legend which still clings to them and causes their safety. Seldom will a hand, even of a careless child, be raised against one of these sacred birds, whose breast, it is said, received its bright blood hue from the bleeding side of "Him who was wounded for our transgressions" so many hundred years ago on that grey morning at Golgotha.

Days follow without a shower; days which are saved from monotony by the ever varying beauties of the sky. Perhaps its blue is unbroken in the morning, but then suddenly, from somewhere, creeps a cloud, a soft, white, fleecy thing, which calls another, and yet another, until they appear like a flock of white sheep at play in a blue pasture. Then, suddenly, the rain comes, and we watch through the windows of our warm homes and say:

"This is just what we wanted to take the frost out of the ground—everything will be greener, fresher, fairer for this long shower; just as a heart is happier after tears."

But, ah! these showers come in the autumn, too, and dull the shades of fields and forests, leaving them brown and bare. But hush! this is May!—there is a promise in every blade of grass, a hope in every human heart—"The spring has come; the summer will soon be here!"

MAY AUSTIN.

Sherbrooke.

W. D. Howells as a Word Artist.

In reading certain contemporary authors, we are very often struck by a skill and delicacy in handling language which is quite apart from the latter's use as a more or less unconscious medium of powerful thought, feeling or imagination. The writers we refer to may or may not possess these gifts, but what seems distinctively theirs is a power of making us feel in some fresh, new way the words they are using and combining. We are not suffered to slip over them on the thought or the imagination, but we are forced to stop, to admire, to recognize in them that beauty and fitness which have made language what it is—the great

staying and transmitting place of the human mind. Whether or no this power is an outcome of modern realism I will not pretend to say, but it is certainly found in a good many writers of the school, and amongst others in W. D. Howells. We may not always care for the subjects he chooses, or admire his method of treating them, but it is impossible to deny that he uses his words well, fitting them to his ideas and descriptions with an aptness and clearness rising to the highest felicitousness at times and making us linger over them as we would over a glimpse of pretty scenery or an exquisite tone of colour. And yet we would hesitate a little to call him a writer of genius. Compare him for a moment with some of the older novelists, with the humorous and dramatic abundance of Dickens, with Thackeray, keen and sarcastic, yet capable of so much simplicity and tenderness; with Scott's wealth of romantic incident, glittering like the peaks and coasts of a delightful unforgotten country in our young memory; with Hugo, or George Eliot's deep thought music. For all his cleverness of shrewd observation, he will hardly bear the test. We are sometimes conscious of a certain meagreness in his writings, of a failure to grasp life and character deeply and sympathetically enough, of a disposition to make too much of their more trivial and superficial aspects; in fact, we recognize in him often rather the man of talent than of sensibility. Whence then comes this felicitousness of language of his, which is a living flexible thing, and never to be confounded with mere fluency? Is it a genius, a sensibility in itself, a new recognition of the beauty and uses of the individual words, that get so knocked about, so blurred and conventionalized in the battlefield (for them) of daily talk? Why may it not be, since genius after all, wherever it shows itself, is simply a making us see things over again, a putting aside of the veil of dullness woven about us by habit and conventionality, that we may feel newly the accustomed and familiar. And we owe the word artist a debt of gratitude for doing us this kindly office with respect to language, for there are few things that conventionalism so enters into and spoils the force of, both in its grosser forms and those subtler ones that escape our notice. Words contract easy relations to one another, and get into the habit of slipping out in each other's company, whether they exactly fit our meaning or not. We all know how much easier it is to talk round a thing than into it, part of which difficulty certainly springs from our loose grasp of the meanings and relations of words. But the word artist will have none of this. His words, above all things, must fit exactly, and he has an abnormally keen scent for conventionality of every kind. There is an insect, probably known to most persons, endowed with exceedingly long feelers, which it waves about in front of itself as it advances, warding off danger at long range as it were. The word artist resembles such an insect as he moves delicately about language, avoiding conventional combinations or pulling them apart and combining anew until his words start up freshly before us, making us feel inclined sometimes to rub our eyes over them, as if the difference lay rather in our altered sight than in them.

J. E. SMITH.

On the Grand Pré.

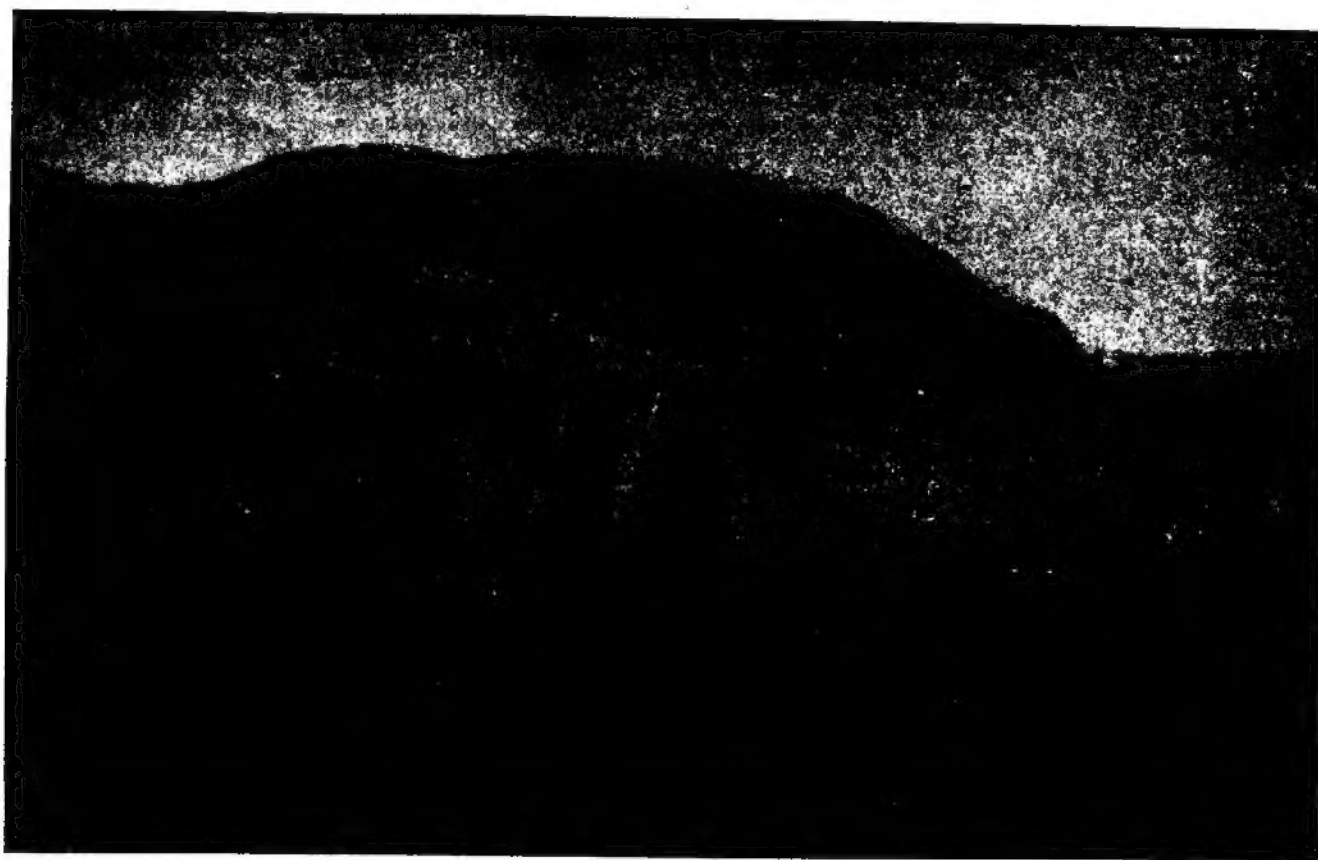
Evening, late June, all day the unsated sun
Has drawn fresh sweets from the full-flowered earth,
And drooping, faint, the lily bells, abashed,
Bend low their heads 'neath fringe of tender green
And blooming uplands glow to rosier flush.
Now, sweeping o'er the sea, a sudden breeze
Flings landward its salt breath invigorate.
Lingering, I watch the incoming, restless, tide
Dashing to shore in foaming spume and spray,
And narrowing in its swell the swarded flats
To threads of emerald. Broad acres green,
In billowy waves, for miles encompass me,
Flanked east by scarped and ruddy cliffs, pine-crowned—
And yonder hills and velvet-verdured dale
Stretch to th' horizon, until wearied eyes
Turn restfully to seek the distant blue
Of Parsboro's shore, now dim and misty grown
With veil of sunset haze. Old Blomidon,
Stern sentinel of Fundy's tide-lashed bay
Throughout the centuries, holds ceaseless watch,
Firm, 'neath the hurrying clouds of coming eve—
Shadows lie everywhere, but depth of shade
Hangs o'er the unquiet sea, and memory's tide
Brings from my soul a little spray of tears
In answering shadow, as the sea chants on
Its deep unwritten music to the night,
And each spent wave echoes the sad refrain.

O! Voice of God! mysterious evermore—
O! heart of man, insistent as the tide
To break its lawful bounds, powerless alike—
No fret nor questioning can overleap
The bar that Mighty Will has set for thee.

Still chants the sea in shadow as in sun,
Drifting to shore some treasure with its sand.
May not these soul-tides cast upon the land,
From out their restless depths, some grains of gold
Through life's rude storms before that morrow dawns
When all is still, and the tide's ebb'd for aye?

Gone the sweet day, and scattered, too, my dreams;
Idly, still seaward turned, I linger on
To catch the fading gleam, one more salt breath.
St. Eulalie, Grand Pré.

M. J. WEATHERBE.



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Lucknow.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his recently published book, "Havelock," in connection with relief of Lucknow, thus describes the dash of the column headed by the 78th Highlanders: "The word was given, the advance began, and presently the foremost soldiers entered the narrow street which led with several sinuosities, up to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Residency. Then, from side streets, from the front, from every window and balcony, from the top of every house, there poured a constant stream of bullets upon the men doggedly pushing forward, savage at their inability to return evil for evil. For, except where now and then a section, facing momentarily outward, got a chance to send a volley into the teeth of the mass holding the head of a cross alley, there was little opportunity of retaliation. The natives, Sepoys, and townspeople, ensconced on the flat roofs, fired down into the street and then drew back to load hurriedly that they might fire again. The very women, in the passion of their hostility, plied muskets, some of them; others hurled down on the passing soldiery stones and pieces of furniture. One woman stood on a parapet with a child in her arms, disdaining in the madness of her hate to take cover, and yelled and hissed Hindoo maledictions, till, having lashed herself into ungovernable fury, she hurled her babe down upon the bristling bayonet points. The Highlanders spared her, but the Sikhs behind them had no compunction, and the wretched woman, riddled with bayonets, fell on the roadway with a wild shriek."

Colophons.

At the International Conference of Librarians in 1889 one of the most interesting papers was that of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, on Printers' Colophons, or private symbols affixed to the books printed by them. Colophons, or attestations of the execution of a book occurring at the end of a volume, were, he said, much older than title-pages, and for a time supplied the place of the title-page, which was unknown until about 1476 and not generally used until 1490. The delay in the application of so obvious an idea as the title-page

was very singular, but might be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the colophon, though less practical than the title-page, was often more communicative. Early colophons frequently gave interesting information respecting the book and the printer which could not well have found a place upon the title-page, and thus helped to elucidate an interesting but obscure department of literary history.

An Historical Goblet.

On January 15, 1815, Her Majesty's ship Endymion captured the American frigate President, and shortly after went to Bermuda, where the inhabitants presented the captain with a piece of plate, and the officers with a goblet, which latter gift was "to be considered as attached to that or any other ship which might bear the gallant name of Endymion." now, at this very time, a new Endymion is being built for our navy, and in the interest of the officers who will probably be ere long appointed to her, the pertinent question is being asked, "Where is that goblet now?" and in the interest of naval *esprit de corps* the question is one which should most certainly be answered.—*Truth*.

Effect of Music.

That which I have found, says Bishop Beveridge, to be the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.

The Essential.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.
Live not without a God! However low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky.
W. W. STORY.

Seismoscopes.

The new seismoscopes, made by Brassart Brothers, of Rome, and adopted at the Italian meteorological stations, are described in the *Rivista Scientifico-Industriale*. They are of a very simple nature, the one consisting merely of an iron rod, about 5 inches long, leaning slightly against an adjustable screw support near its middle, and with its lower pointed end in a cup. When a shock or tremor occurs, the rod falls away from its support, and is caught by a fixed metallic ring, making electric contact and ringing a bell. In the other instrument the ring is connected with a hinged lever arrangement, which stops the mechanism of a timepiece, showing when the shock occurred.

HUMOROUS.

SHE DIDN'T OBJECT.—W. Childers Kydd (looking for board): Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will make no difference. Mrs. Hashton (sweetly): Oh, not at all! I shall charge just the same as if they were grown up.

MAMMA (to Tommy): I'm sorry you and your sister quarrelled over that orange and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take? Tommy: Whose part? He took the whole orange.

MISTRESS (to new Highland servant): Did you tell those ladies who called just now that I was not at home? Servant: Yes, mem. Mistress: What did they say? Servant: They said, mem, "hoo fortinit."

AN Irishman, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace which heated the house. To the irritation of the household, there came a morning, bitterly cold, when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that, an investigation showed, there remained not one spark or ember in the grate. "Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night!" "So did I, sorr," returned the culprit, serenely.